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In Memory
OF
George Clement Noyes.

DR. NOYES died at his home in Evanston, Illinois, January 14, 1889, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His frame was naturally stalwart. It is true that during his last year in the Theological Seminary he suffered from severe hemorrhages of the lungs. But in a few weeks he rallied from the weakness which followed them, and, after his ministry began, his health gradually became robust. He continued in strong health until a year or two before the end came. In the early part of 1888, however, his long-continued heavy cares and sorrows, and his years of self-forgetting toil in the pastorate, on the press, and in the general missionary enterprises of his denomination, led to a marked impairment of his strength. Urged by his devoted church, he accepted a vacation. When he returned to his work, he considered himself fully restored; but there were indications that his health was still so imperfect as to render him specially susceptible to the attack of any acute disease. During the last Christmas week he attended the annual "Messiah" concert in Chicago, and sat in a draught throughout the evening. In that way he caught cold; and when the Sabbath morning of December 30th came, he was seriously ill. While playfully declining to have a physician called, he had been unable to complete his sermon for that morning, and it was afterwards found, half finished, on his study table. Against the protests of his family he appeared in the pulpit, where Dr. Patterson assisted him, and by making a painful struggle he barely succeeded in getting through the service. But in the evening he was compelled to remain at home, prostrated. After baffling his medical attendants for a day or two, his disease developed into pneumonia. His progress seemed favorable until January 10th, when the heart

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suddenly began to show symptoms of failure, and his condition became alarming. The next three days were filled, for his family and friends, with alternating hopes and fears. As three o'clock of Monday was approaching, the weakness of death crept over his body, but his mind continued to be clear to the last. The suffering household gathered about his bed, and waited. Asked if he recognized them, he was just able to say "Yes," and feebly to press his daughter's hand. They read passages of Scripture to him, bravely sang two or three of his favorite hymns, and joined in repeating the Lord's prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. Soon after they had finished, he clasped his hands over his breast, to intimate that he wanted one of them to offer prayer. His sister led in the solemn act of worship, which evidently pleased him. Presently, in the silence, at eight minutes past three, the moment of triumph arrived. His tired, peaceful face lighted up with a strange radiance, his eyes opened wide, and gazed straight upward with an expression of ineffable joy, surprise and adoration; and the beloved father, pastor, friend, saw and entered into the glories which God hath prepared for those who love Him.

The more notable events of Dr. Noyes' life, and the leading qualities of his character, are stated or suggested in the various tributes which follow.

S. J. MCP.

The Funeral.

At eleven o'clock on Thursday, January 17th, after prayer had been offered at the house, and the family, with one pathetic exception, had taken a last look at the face of their beloved dead, the casket was borne to the lecture-room of the church, where the body lay in state. At the ends of the casket were placed two floral pillows, bearing the words "father" and "grandpa," and resting upon it were a wreath of ivy and a sheaf of ripe wheat. The desk was draped in white and covered with sprigs of ivy, while the wall, back of the desk, hung with black, bore the significant legend: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." For two hours a procession of parishioners, friends and citizens passed in review above the still form, whose face wore its habitual expression of manly gentleness and love.

At one o'clock, the hour set for the funeral, the main audience-room of the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, while numbers of people were unable to enter. Most of the places of business in Evanston had been closed, for the death of Dr. Noyes

was regarded as a public calamity. The character, no less than the size, of the audience, bore the highest testimony to the esteem in which he was so widely held. His brother ministers, of several Evangelical denominations, were present as sincere mourners. The Chicago Literary Club's delegation consisted of all those who, like himself, had occupied its chair. The Northwestern University, the Lake Forest University, the McCormick Theological Seminary, and the general community of Evanston, Chicago, and the surrounding towns and cities, were largely represented. The bier, the communion table, the pulpit, and the choir gallery, back of the pulpit, besides being draped, were profusely, yet most tastefully, decorated with smilax and ivy, with callas, lilies of the valley, carnations, hyacinths and masses of roses, sent by the infant class, the Sunday School, the Session, the Trustees, the congregation, and numerous other friends and associates, who witnessed spontaneously to the united affection and gratitude felt by all classes for this unselfish, useful and now sainted man.

The arrangements at the church were in charge of Mr. George H. Quinlan, assisted by Messrs. Henry Butman, H. J. Green, F. B. Carter, Edward H. Quinlan, J. W. Howell and William P. Turner. The honorary pall bearers were Messrs. Thomas Lord, Charles Randolph, Ambrose Foster, H. C. Hunt, A. B. Hull, W. H. Lewis, Geo. E. Purington, and O. L. Baskin; and the casket was carried by Messrs. Henry J. Wallingford, W. E. Stockton, H. E. C. Daniels, W. B. Topliff, J. H. Nitchie, H. B. Cragin, Jerome A. Smith, and D. S. Cook.

The services began with the playing on the organ by Mr. H. D. Atchinson, of Chopin's funeral march. Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., President of the Northwestern University, offered the invocation. The choir, consisting of Mrs. A. Weber, Miss I. M. Wolfe, Mr. C. W. Clark and Mr. E. H. Eddy beautifully sang "Jerusalem the Golden." After reading the following Scripture passages, Job 14:1, 2; Ps. 103:15, 16; 1 Chron. 29:15; Jas. 4:14; 1 Thess. 4:13; Prov. 14:32; Ps. 116:15; 2 Cor. 5:1; Rev. 14:13; 2 Cor. 5:6; Isa. 35:10; Rev. 21:4; Rev. 22:5; Rev. 7:14-17; Num. 23:10, the Rev. Dr. Robert W. Patterson delivered the accompanying address on his colleague of twenty-five years.

Dr. Patterson's Address.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die." This is the common lot of all. And yet we all have hope—not the hope of

escaping death, but the hope that after death we shall live again. And we all have at least an impression, if not a definite conviction, that our present life will have an important connection with the character of our future life, as more or less desirable. We ought, therefore, to be especially concerned about the kind of life we are now living. When a friend dies we cannot help asking, What sort of life has he lived? both because we think of what he has accomplished, and because we consider the final consequences of his earthly life to himself.

We are called together to-day by the removal from the midst of us of a man whose life it is a pleasure to contemplate, because we know it was beautiful and beneficent, and because we can not but regard it as a bud that has already flowered forth into the higher grandeur of an immortal and glorified life. It is worth our while to spend a little time to-day in reviewing the general facts in this life and some traits that were conspicuous in the character of our dearly beloved friend and brother. For surely we have here an example and lesson which it becomes us to fix in our memories and reproduce in our lives.

George Clement Noyes was born in Landaff, N. H., August 4, 1833. He was the son of worthy and pious parents. His father, Jacob Noyes, did what he could for the education of his children, and took a special interest in the promise that was early manifested in the fondness of his son George for books, and for every means of mental improvement within his reach. In 1844 the parents removed to Perry, Pike County, Ill. There the son attended the public schools, and soon afforded so many evidences of talent that he was encouraged to make an effort to obtain a liberal education. At the age of about sixteen he became a Christian, and from that time onward he was resolved to become a minister of the gospel. On one occasion some of his friends urged him to turn aside to the study of law, for which they thought his mental traits especially adapted him. For a short time he wavered, but his former purpose was renewed with more determination than ever, and he wrote to a sister that he should feel that a woe awaited him if he did not preach the gospel. When nineteen years of age he entered Illinois College at Jacksonville, Ill., where he devoted himself faithfully to study, deported himself as an exemplary Christian, and graduated with the first honor of his class in 1855. In the fall of the same year he entered Union Theological Seminary, in the City of New York, where he maintained his accustomed position as a student, and graduated in 1858, highly esteemed by his pro-

fessors and fellow students. In the same year he was married to Miss Ellen Smith, daughter of the Hon. David A. Smith, of Jacksonville, who became the mother of his six sons and one daughter. In 1858 he was ordained and was installed as the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Laporte, Ind.

He labored most successfully in that station for ten years, at the end of which time he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, where he continued his work till the end of his life, during a period of more than twenty years. When he came to this church it consisted of about thirty-eight members. The small congregation met in the church edifice that had been occupied by the "Lake Avenue Church," before that organization was divided by the organization of the Congregational and Presbyterian Societies. After a few years the old house of worship was destroyed by fire, and the congregation was obliged to worship in a hall. But Dr. Noyes encouraged the desponding hearts of his people, and they proceeded at once to erect a new and better sanctuary, which, with additions, is occupied by the congregation at the present time. The church and congregation, the Sabbath school and prayer meeting, steadily increased in numbers, notwithstanding the organization of other churches, especially of the South Evanston Presbyterian Church, three or four years since, which was a colony from this church. At the present time the church numbers nearly five hundred members, a great proportion of whom have come from the children of the church and the Sabbath school. Dr. Noyes has been instrumental in developing the benevolence and activity of the church, especially of the younger membership, in an eminent degree. Very few churches of the same means can render a better account of their benevolence; and the devotion of the young people to Christian work has gained in volume and power from year to year, especially during the later portion of this history.

The work of Dr. Noyes has been by no means confined to his own church and congregation. He has done more, perhaps, within the last ten years than any one of his brethren in his Presbytery and Synod, in the department of Home Missions, having been, during most of this period, the efficient Chairman of the Committee of Home Missions in both of these bodies. Besides his activity in these relations, he has been an earnest worker and member of several Educational Boards, and of important committees of the General Assembly. Moreover, he has been a constant correspondent of the religious papers of the church, thus contributing largely

to the moral and spiritual influences that have told in shaping the Christian sentiment and life of our times. Few ministers in the West have done as much within the last score of years for the Christian cause as our brother who has just laid down his armor.

Let us notice a few points in his admirable character:

First. He possessed a special aptitude for study and acquisition in various directions. He was a good linguist, particularly in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. His attainments in general literature were widely extended, especially in poetry and miscellany. Last year he was President of the Literary Society of Chicago. He was well versed in natural sciences for one devoted to the ministerial and pastoral work. His historical knowledge was by no means limited. As a musician he occupied a good position, and was an associate member of some of the best musical societies. As a philosopher he was highly respectable. As a theologian he ranked among the learned and independent thinkers. And if he was not distinguished as a Biblical exegete, it was more for lack of time than for the want of excellent ability. Many a man bearing numerous literary and scientific titles has ranked below our brother as a general scholar, reader, and investigator.

Second. Dr. Noyes was broad and generous in his culture and sympathies. While decided and positive in his opinions and convictions, he was tolerant of those who differed widely from him in regard to important questions, so long as they appeared sincere and free from narrowness and bigotry, although he was impatient of assumption and pretense of moral or religious superiority. I have often found him commending the honesty of purpose of those from whose positions on moral questions he earnestly dissented. And he was charitable towards brethren of religious denominations far removed from his own chosen church. He was willing to listen to overtures for Christian union from quarters that seemed to some of his brethren to savor of arrogance and lordly claims, deserving only of contemptuous rejection, all proceeding from the goodness of his heart and from his earnest desire to see the barriers to brotherly fellowship broken down at almost any cost. He would hasten to the rescue of a persecuted man, even when he might seem in important respects out of the way. And this he did in some cases to his own personal disadvantage. But never would he sacrifice what he deemed essential truth to help the cause of a friend. He was neither a bigot nor a latitudinarian—neither a blind supporter of tradition or stereotyped creed, nor an impulsive advocate of innovations in doctrine just because they were

new. He well understood how much easier it is to pull down than to build up—how much less force it takes to hurl a weight down a precipice than to bring one up from below.

Third. Dr. Noyes, as a preacher, was practical, clear, instructive, earnest, and impressive. In delivery he was vigorous and forcible. His style was pure and varied, abounding in allusion and illustration. His diction was usually Saxon, and his English undefiled. His themes of discourse often pertained to current events, though always Biblical and Evangelical. His texts were very frequently taken from the Old Testament, and from passages that afforded material for continued analogy or illustration throughout the sermon. He seldom indulged in criticisms on the original texts, but often referred to the revised version of the Scripture. More of Biblical exposition would have interested some of his hearers, but would have been tedious to others. As a whole, few preachers better hold the attention of their congregations, and few turn their discourses to as good practical account. In this respect he was a workman that had no need to be ashamed.

Fourth. As a pastor and organizer, Dr. Noyes was eminently successful. He was industrious, active, faithful in visitation, and especially kind and sympathetic in his attentions to the sick and the sorrowful, while he was unremitting in his efforts to reclaim the wandering and to strengthen the tempted. I have often wondered how he could find time to make so many calls, and how he could keep himself so closely acquainted with the conditions and wants of his people.

He was uniformly present, when at home, in the church prayer meeting, and commonly in the Sabbath school also. And by his warm appeals in the Conference Meetings, he was the means of keeping alive the spirit of social religion among his people in an unusual degree. I do not know another pastor who keeps his membership better organized for Christian work, or who draws the children and youth of his congregation more closely to himself. Beyond the limits of his own charge, scores of families and multitudes of young people are afflicted to-day by this unexpected bereavement of our whole community.

Fifth. Dr. Noyes was deeply interested in works of general philanthropy and Christian benevolence. He was a decided and practical temperance man, though not in sympathy with political and partisan efforts for this object, which he believed to be rather hurtful than helpful to the cause. He was an ardent friend of human liberty, and could not abide the spirit of caste, whether in

state or church. For this reason he was resolutely opposed to every movement that looked toward the drawing of the color line in our ecclesiastical bodies of the South. He was an earnest supporter of Christian education, while he recognized the difficulties that surround the question in regard to the instructions in the public schools. The cause of evangelization everywhere was dear to his heart. No minister in the church was more zealous for the elevation and conversion of all classes of men in Christian and heathen lands. And on this ground he was earnestly devoted to what he deemed the best political policies for this and other countries.

Sixth. I hardly need say to any one who knew Dr. Noyes, that he was a Christian gentleman. He was a gentleman by high instincts and on Christian principles—courteous, genial, affable, “full of the milk of human kindness.” He was faithful and true in the domestic relations, in personal friendships, in the social connections. I need not speak of his beautiful fidelity in duties at home, of his genuineness and trustworthiness as a friend, of his high social qualities, all of which are well known and so universally recognized among us. But I may refer to his suavity and quiet humor, which made his presence agreeable, even delightful, in social circles, families, and private intercourse. It was a pleasure to meet him, a privilege to enjoy his company. And it was always a saving clause that, while liberal in according to others their rights of opinion, and passing over differences with some graceful pleasantry, he never gave even implied sanction to false or demoralizing principles.

I will only add that Dr. Noyes’ Christian faith was established and unswerving to the end. He was a steadfast believer in the truth of the gospel, and his personal trust in Christ stood him in stead through sore trials that would have made many a heart perpetually sad, enabled him to be courageous and cheerful through all sorrows, and sustained him in persevering work and hope to the final hour. He lived to see his large family well educated and all in the fellowship of the church. In seasons of failing health within two or three years, which gave to others if not to him, premonitions of the event which has now occurred, he bravely waited for his Master’s will. And in his last sickness, while he was enjoined to keep entirely quiet, he expressed both hope and submission with a cheerful countenance. On the first Sabbath after the beginning of his fatal illness he was so anxious to be in his pulpit that he came to the church, and though unable to con-

duct any of the devotional services himself, he delivered portions of his sermon, after which he hastened home and took to his bed, not again to rise from it.

On the second Sabbath he sent to his people, through Dr. Ridgaway, who officiated in his pulpit, the following message : "Tell my people that I have been deeply touched by their kindness during this sickness. Their visits, messages, and loving remembrances have never been more constant or more grateful. Tell them, too, that I know they are praying for me, and that I feel their prayers are heard, and that I am greatly sustained. I wish, also, that you (Dr. Ridgaway) would announce the week of prayer. It will go on all the same as if I could be there. Say to the congregation I wish them to come out. This is the first time I have ever had to miss being personally present with them at this interesting season; and I hope they will attend all the same as if I were with them."

Dr. Ridgaway adds: "Such, substantially, were the messages sent by Dr. Noyes, by me, to his congregation January 6th last. The words only faintly indicate the spirit with which he spoke them. There was a tenderness and fervor in his whole expression, which showed the sincere yearnings of a loving pastor's heart for his people."

He was conscious till the hand of death was visibly upon him. Near the close, when he was no longer able to speak, he signified his wish that all about him should pray. One of the family repeated the Lord's prayer, and in a short time all was over. On the 14th day of January, at 3.08 o'clock, the spirit took its flight to the Savior's bosom. I was summoned to be present, but not having heard of the alarming change, had gone to the city where the message found me only in time to enable me to reach the house a few minutes after the closing scenes. Two days ago on looking for the first time on the cold but still expressive remains, the stanza of Charles Wesley was forcibly recalled:

"How blest is our brother, bereft of all that could burden his mind;
How easy the soul that has left this wearisome body behind."

"Mark the perfect man : and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace, peace."

Let us follow our brother as he followed Christ. We need such examples near us now—examples of those whom we have known and loved, to stimulate and quicken us in our upward race. Let us all try to leave a similar record behind us, not merely for our

own honor, but as a legacy for the enduring profit of those that remain, and of the generations that are to follow us.

A day or two after Dr. Noyes' death the following beautiful little poem, cut from some paper, was found on his study table:

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair ;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night !

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped ;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside ;
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night !

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully ;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way
(For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay ?)
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night !

O friends, I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow ;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me ; I am travel-worn ;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night !

At the conclusion of Dr. Patterson's address, the choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light." Thereupon the Moderator of the Presbytery, the Rev. M. Woolsey Stryker, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, expressed the deep sympathy of a congregation, to many of whom individually, and to all of whom collectively, Dr. Noyes had been greatly endeared. As the Moderator for the current year of the Presbytery of Chicago, he

voiced what all his fellow ministers had in their hearts—that among that body of strong men, none was stronger, none gentler, none more winning and more wise than he who had gone from his painstaking and manifold labors to his assured reward. In all matters of action or of deliberation his personal weight of judgment and his readiness to bear full part had been constant and eminent. For twenty years Dr. Noyes had gone on his steadfast way, a leader in counsels and activities, which had gone into the Christian history of this immediate region, and of the whole Northwest.

He had wrought to the last, and fallen in the very traces. With his own great trials it was still his joy to fulfill the law of Christ in bearing others' burdens, and widely he did it. The flowers scattered about were not more fragrant nor more penetratingly beautiful than had been his admonitions of hopefulness and fidelity. To those who had listened and worshipped in that church the very walls would seem to have imperishable tongues. Those whom he had so often sought to lead to Christ were urged, by this last mute appeal of a life finished in the ways of God, to remember all Dr. Noyes had urged, and to follow him as he had followed the Only Redeemer. His blessed example is his abiding and infrustrable legacy. His frank eyes and kindly look—almost a benediction; we who have seen and felt them will never lose. He had not far to go! He is not gone from us for very long. Soon then, will be "raptured greetings, and knitting severed friendships, up where partings are no more." Courage, and on! Mr. Stryker concluded with these lines:

A voice is heard on Earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
Their festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro.

And saying as they meet, "Rejoice! another,
Long waited for, is come."
The Saviour's heart is glad; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home.

As he finished his remarks Mr. Stryker led the congregation in repeating the Twenty-third Psalm. "In Heavenly Love Abiding" was sung by the choir. The Rev. Simon J. McPherson,

D. D., pastor of the Second Church, Chicago, led in prayer, closing with the Lord's prayer, in which the congregation joined aloud. After the choir had chanted the Twenty-third Psalm, the affecting service closed with the benediction, pronounced by the Rev. William Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of South Evanston.

The burial, witnessed only by the family and immediate friends was at Rosehill cemetery. With the brief service at the grave conducted by Dr. Patterson, the sad ceremonies of the day ended

Union Memorial Service.

On Sabbath afternoon, January 27th, a union service in memory of Dr. Noyes was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Evanston. Fully one thousand people, from all the churches of the place, gathered in honor of the Christian gentleman and minister, who had been everybody's friend and counselor. On the platform were the Rev. Dr. Patterson, who conducted the services, the Rev. S. F. Jones, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Church, the Rev. N. H. Whittlesey, pastor of the Congregational Church, the Rev. William Smith, pastor of the South Evanston Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Chicago. In the body of the church were many other clergymen and the professors of the University.

The services began with the singing of "Rock of Ages" by the choir of the Presbyterian Church, which Dr. Noyes had served. The Rev. William Smith offered prayer. Dr. Patterson read the Ninetieth Psalm. Mrs. W. C. Wyman sang, "Forever with the Lord." Then came the principal

Address by Dr. Barrows.

The wreath of eulogy and love which has been placed on the grave of our departed friend is richer with flowers and more fragrant with affection than that which is often laid on the sepulchre of the dead. I have listened to the just and admirable words that have been spoken. I have read in the secular and Christian journals the true and affectionate tributes which have come from the hearts of those who called him friend, and believed him to be the friend of humanity. After the death of Mr. Lincoln it was said that mankind felt that it had lost in him a brother. Such was the feeling of all those whose lives had been touched by the gracious Christian manhood whose virtues we commemorate

to-day. I know how large a place he had in the hearts of this community, of which he was so justly proud. I have likewise read the numerous resolutions of respect and sympathy that have come from such varied sources, which indeed show that our brother, as one has said, approximated to that ideal American clergyman for whom we are waiting. So many admirable tributes have been spoken, so many just words have been written, and so significant and beautiful is this scene to-day, a whole community gathered in the church of a sister denomination to testify their appreciation of a Christian character which transcended all denominational lines and flowed out in blessings over the world, that it would seem sufficient, if, at this memorial service, I should simply say: "I loved him and trusted him as a friend; I revered him as a Christian; the earthly life is lonelier without him, and the heavenly life is brighter since he entered into it."

Many of you have known him for twenty years. I have known him for only seven, and my intimacy with him dates from that happy summer of 1885, when I made a temporary home in your beautiful village, now doubly dear to me as the scene of such a life as his.

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell;
From flower to flower, from snow to snow,
But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following hope
There sat the shadow, feared of man,
Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee, formless, in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip
And bore thee where I could not see,
Nor follow, though I walk in haste,
And think that somewhere in the waste
The shadow sits and waits for me."

Sometimes men bearing the name of Christian are taken from our sight, and we are glad that the great transformation in their characters, which may be needed in order that they may enjoy the fellowship of heaven, is sure to be wrought through the mercy and might of that Savior in whom they have trusted. We dwell pensively on the words "the spirits of just men made perfect." But when our brother was taken from us it seemed that no change was required in order that he might be fitted for the fellowship of

immortality. His heart had long been in heaven. He had much treasure laid up there. There was the Divine Friend whose word he had preached for thirty years, and by whose sustaining grace, adequate to every need, his sorrow had been comforted. There, too, were many whom he had known and loved on earth, and the great throng of God's saints with whose toils and triumphs he had been familiar.

I have known men of large business and political prominence, who have been laid in their graves with much ceremonial honor, whose death was no loss to the community. Some of them had been possessed of fortunes which make Dr. Noyes seem a poor man. But he was so rich in friendship and in service that beside him these other men often appear as paupers. As I looked with you upon that scene, never to be forgotten in the church of which he was pastor, where such a throng of sincere mourners gathered on his funeral day, including so many men distinguished in many paths of life, I said to myself, "If this had been an emperor, the flowers could not have been more beautiful ; if this had been a statesman, the tributes could not have been more reverent ; if this had been a millionaire, the falling tears might not have been half so abundant."

But it appears almost ungracious to say anything more of him than that we loved him. Why study and analyze his qualities ? We knew him ; that was enough. We have felt the touch of that kindly hand. We have been blessed by that gracious smile, and joined with him in hearty merriment. We have felt, if we could not analyze, the beauty of that symmetrical and balanced character, where wisdom was married to affection, and gentleness walked hand in hand with sagacity, and service glorified all. He is so near to us still, that we should scarcely be surprised to see him entering our houses once more and frolicking with our children in the old beautiful fashion. Why come together again to-day in such a great throng ?

"On all our future laurels he looks down, himself our bravest crown."

It is because we feel that the treasure of his manhood was so rich and precious that in order to do justice to our convictions we must tell each other, and tell all men wherein true greatness lies. I think that most of us have had a new sense of Dr. Noyes' worth since we have felt how sore is his loss. Landor puts into the mouth of Pericles these words: "We become greater by leaving the world, as the sun appears to be on descending below the

horizon." But more significant are the words attributed to Sophocles: "It is folly to say Death levels the whole human race, for it is only when he has stripped men of everything external that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained." When our sorrowing meditations have shown that a man is equal to the highest standards, then we measure him aright. We well know what Dr. Noyes did in the world, how faithfully and laboriously he toiled along many lines of effort as preacher, writer, counselor, and builder of churches; what large knowledge he acquired, what success he achieved during the thirty years in which he preached the gospel of Christ. And yet it was true of him, as was said of Professor Albert Hopkins, of Williams College, revered by so many graduates of that institution as the saintliest man they ever knew: "He was more remarkable for what he was than for what he did." If to be one hour in the company of Agassiz, were, as a friend wrote of him, "to gain the strongest argument for the immortality of the soul," it was true of Dr. Noyes, that to be one hour in his company was to gain a new and assured evidence of Christianity. Among those with whom our friend associated might be found more learned theologians, more popular orators, and equally efficient organizers. But it is the general judgment that in no one else was found a higher Christian character or a general excellence that will be missed in so many spheres. When we heard of his death the feeling was, not that so much learning or ability had passed away from us, as that so much goodness had gone out of the earth. The race does not seem rich enough to spare such souls as his, a man in whom such different kinds of men with varying beliefs equally found a brother. Dr. Schaff has written "that a Christ-like theology and ministry is the first and last necessity of the church and the world." Such a ministry has for twenty years thrown its blessings over this community, and you are grateful to God that your children have seen his form, like that of Elisha, "as a holy man of God passing by continually." Dr. Noyes' loving heart made him see deeply into the soul of the gospel, and he had that wisdom which John Wesley learned from an Archbishop of Canterbury, who taught him that "to be eminently useful a Christian must not waste his strength in fighting for or against things disputable or secondary, but must use it in testifying against notorious vice and promoting essential holiness." You know better than I that this successful ministry which built up so strong a church, which won the respect of strong men, and which carried blessings to old and young, and

grew more fruitful with the years, was centered in a gospel which was always practical and helpful, which did not waste its strength in magnifying unessentials, but which glowed with the love of God in Christ Jesus, and was urgent that men should turn from all known sin, accept the offers of redeeming love, and be faithful and fruitful in good works.

Dr. Noyes did not bow down as an idolator before any system of theology. He was a careful and reverent student of the past, but his face was turned toward the future. He always expected better things in life and doctrine. And yet he was the farthest possible from being a rash innovator. A judicious friend has written that it is hard to decide "whether he was a radical or a conservative." In a letter sent shortly after his inaugural address before the Chicago Literary Club, he wrote: "I believe strongly in progress, but when some doctrine has been put forth which has been tried a thousand times under somewhat changed conditions, or when some theory is broached which stamps as utter folly or wrong all the world's wisdom and all established methods of dealing, then I am sure that progress does not lie in the direction in which that doctrine or theory points." We surely know that his heart was profoundly loyal to Jesus Christ as a divine savior, and that his mind was profoundly convinced that the Bible is a divine revelation, that he felt that men need first of all the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost working through the truth, and that the hope of the world is the knowledge and acceptance of the Christian gospel. He had a great affection for the churches. He looked upon all of them as belonging to him because he belonged in spirit to them. He was widely loved by ministers and laymen of all denominations. I have been greatly struck by words spoken to me by men far removed from Dr. Noyes in theological belief. An able lawyer in Chicago, himself a Unitarian, said: "I always admired him because he was so fair minded." Another lawyer of the same belief said of him: "I never could discover in him any particle of cant. He seemed utterly sincere and unpretentious." With Dr. Noyes orthodoxy was never different from the truth, and by heresy he meant nothing but error.

But why was he so beloved? I think because there was so much of human nature in him. I mean human nature at its best, when renewed by the Spirit of God. This same tribute was paid to Dean Stanley, and is just in both cases. Think of the things which this man loved, and thus see what I mean. He loved praise, and he loved to give it in a quiet, indirect, and modest way. It

was very pleasant for his friends to cheer this man's heart, which carried such a crushing load of sorrow, by telling him through looks, and words, and kindly deeds how dear to them he was. He loved his friends, and had a genius for friendship. He certainly was the magnetic center of this Presbytery to which all his brethren, young and old, from the venerable Dr. Patterson to the newest comer among us, were strongly attracted. He loved books, and a great variety of books. He loved music, he loved poetry, especially that which brought him into communion with his Savior. One of his latest discourses was on the hymns of Charles Wesley. He loved nature, and had a keen eye for her beauty and a noble mind to respond to her wonders. He loved his people, and was proud of them. He loved his work, his brethren, his country and all mankind. He loved his family with a satisfied affection, and was beloved and honored by them as few men ever are. He loved to write and to preach. The amount of committee work he could do was to me appalling. He had a genius for conference, for counsel. On his non-Episcopal shoulders came the care of all our churches. He loved to confide in his intimate friends, and shared more confidences than almost any other man that I have ever known. He loved to talk about his work, his perplexities, his successes. He loved every form of wholesome humor, was quick, though never resentful, in *repartee*. He saw the weak side of human nature without cynicism. When in Mexico he bought a box of strawberries, and the basket proved to be two-thirds filled with leaves; he wrote to me, doubtless with a smile on his face: "This proves that human nature is much the same in Mexico and in South Water Street, Chicago." And Dr. Noyes loved debate. He had a great faculty for prompt and vigorous expression, and on reading the other day his argument in the famous trial of Professor Swing, I felt that he would have made a successful and eminent lawyer. But few men who have such profound convictions and such faculty for facile and vigorous utterance have been so uniformly kindly in tone. Since Dr. Noyes' death some of us have read a characteristic article which he wrote for the *Advance*, on "The Sunday Newspaper; An Expostulation." I know of no fairer argument, nor one more conclusive against the taking and reading by Christians of the Sunday journal. It is a dispassionate appeal, which, if heeded, would add immensely to the spiritual life of America. And though his heart is evidently boiling hot, how carefully, how judiciously, how tolerantly, and hence how strongly the argument is carried on. He never turned an opponent into an enemy.

I should do injustice to his memory if I did not at least mention that his childlike heart made him the great friend of children. In looking over his letters I notice that he remembered my children's birthdays. One of my little boys, learning that Rev. Dr. Blank had called, and mistaking the name, went in to see him, but he came out, and going to his mother said, bursting into tears, "I thought it was Dr. Noyes." I have not been surprised to learn that one of the children of his flock has expressed her sorrow that she did not unite with the church while Dr. Noyes was yet living, nor that another, a child of five years, was heard to offer this prayer: "Grant, O Lord, that when I die and go to heaven I may meet Dr. Noyes very soon." Surely we may learn that a great heart is the chief jewel of character. This man, with his large and penetrating intelligence, with his strong convictions and his keen sensibility to the defects of others, would allow nothing to overcome his love. Writing of a somewhat disagreeable good man, Dr. Noyes said: "With all his faults, I love him still." That love seemed invincible. It was fed by the love of God.

I would not have you think his great qualities were all natural. With his generous native endowments there was superadded what only God could give through his grace and spirit, patience, cheerfulness under suffering, serenity after deferred hope, continued loving-kindness, wide toleration. These are not natural graces to a strong and earnest man, but these Dr. Noyes had abundantly, and none that knew him doubted whence they came. In the midst of sorrow he would not forget God's former mercies. In a birthday letter he once wrote: "It is well to send the thoughts back over the past so as distinctly to mark the points at which heaven's gifts were most abundant and rich." His symmetrical and ripened Christian character, with so much of usefulness, with so much of faith, and so much of joy, even—though it seems strange to speak of joy in one who bore for nearly ten years an aching heart—were the victories of divine grace. This man knew Jesus Christ, and no one doubted who ever heard his public prayers that he was a man of faithful private devotion, that his liturgical culture was large. The nearer one lived to him, the better he loved him, and Dr. Noyes was never more deeply moved than by the testimony of a neighbor, who, at a recent anniversary, spoke out of a grateful heart his appreciation of Dr. Noyes' goodness. Surely I have said enough to show, even to strangers, that this man commended the religion of Jesus Christ by what he wrought and by what he was, as well as by what he said. He was one of the best types of

the modern Christian. He seemed to be equally at home in a prayer meeting and a political gathering, at a dinner party, and in a literary society. He was able wherever he went, and whatever he did, and however much he suffered, to find admission "into the king's chambers." He walked with God and dignified and ennobled the life work of the Christian minister and Christian scholar.

It was my privilege to know something of his inner self; to hear him speak in the freedom of friendly confidence, and he was one of the few men who could carry on earnest and prolonged debate, and yet appear to think as much of you after he had failed—for example, to convince you that prohibition was wrong—as he did before. He loved to commend his brethren when they struck a brave blow for righteousness. Listen to these words which he sent me when I was in Germany: "Last Sunday morning Blank (naming a well known clergyman), gave an exhibition of genuine Scotch grit and grace. He condemned, in strong and burning words, the Washington Park horse races, which are patronized by not a few influential church members, and at which pool selling on the grounds is openly and shamelessly carried on. I hope his words will prove as good a moral tonic in their way as did the explosion of the bomb. And if they kill, I hope it will only be to make alive."

I was interested to discover who were his favorite characters or favorite authors. It was no surprise to learn how much his mind dwelt on the career of one, Abraham Lincoln, who was almost a neighbor to him in his young manhood, and who was certainly kindred to him in spirit in the kindly, earnest, judicious temper of his mind. He had a great admiration, as was essential, for his theological teachers, Prof. Henry B. Smith and Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock. There was that in his heart which drew him to the hymns of Charles Wesley, and I need not say that much that was finest and most humane in him was moved by the poetry of Shakespeare. I have heard him repeat, in a voice trembling with emotion, what he deemed the matchless words describing the atonement:

"Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy."

Few men that I have known have had a wider acquaintance with the history of our own country. He was a thorough student of America, and had traveled extensively through our own land,

"the goodliest land of the earth," as his patriotic heart called it; had observed accurately, and reported carefully what he had seen, and he was aglow in sympathy with every effort to build up on Christian foundations the huge fabric of our Western civilization. But he also knew Africa quite as well as his own land. He had read more books describing the dark continent than any other person of my acquaintance, and he kindled into the hearts of his beloved people a zeal for world-wide evangelization. He apparently took as profound an interest in the affairs of England as in those of Chicago. After Gladstone's defeat in 1886, he wrote: "Well, Ireland's day is not yet, and the Grand Old Man must wait. But he made a good fight, and the victory will yet be his. For right is right, since God is God, and right is sure to win." In one of the last interviews I ever had with him, I spoke of two Congregational ministers of Massachusetts who have recently returned from a tour of missionary observations around the world. I said to Dr. Noyes, "I have been thinking that we, in this Presbytery, ought to send you around the world on a journey of the same sort;" and I shall never forget the happy smile with which he said, "I should like to go."

He has no need now of our poor tributes and feeble services; he has been admitted into august fellowships and diviner privileges than any earth affords. I can but think that he has found "other nobler work to do," and that those benevolent energies which blessed the world, have not been numbed, but are transfigured in loftier service. His mind had an affinity with great things, with America, with the Yellowstone, with the prairies, with the stars. He loved to contemplate the wondrous handiwork of God in earth, and sea, and sky. He had a large acquaintance with the marvels of divine power and wisdom, and some of you will remember with what thorough knowledge and comprehensive understanding and powerful expression he described the glory, the magnificence, and the might of the sun which gives life to the world, but which is only one in the midst of even greater marvels of Omnipotence, "a dewdrop sparkling on the finger of Almighty God." Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of men the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. Into this measureless glory our brother has entered, and he beckons us to follow. We rejoice for him. A year ago, just after the death of Rev. Dr. Brainerd Kent, Dr. Noyes wrote to me: "It is a comfort to think that our dear old Father Kent is at rest. How wonderful it must have been to him to come forth

from his low despair, and to find how unspeakably better to him the Lord has been than his distressing fear had led him to expect." We are glad for what he was and what he did, and are joyful in remembering how he made us better for the life he lived among us, and we also thank God that our brother had so many things, even on earth, to fill his soul with peace, and to gladden it with heavenly cheer. After hearing the "Messiah" sung for the next to the last time, Dr. Noyes wrote me, on the 30th of December, 1887: "Wasn't it heavenly last night to rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing? What should a suffering man do in this world were it not for the fact that unto Him 'a child is born?' and and if he could not daily sing 'Hallelujah' to Him who 'shall lead His flock like a shepherd,' and who Himself, a 'man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' knows how to succor them who are afflicted. On the strength of last night's uplifting and 'hearing of unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter,' I can go forty days and more." A year passed by, fruitful in work, for in it he conducted nearly one hundred preaching services, another Christmas time came, he heard the "Messiah" once more, and I received from him as a holiday token of love a little book in which the opening poem tells, in simple lines, the story of his beautiful suffering, triumphant life:

"Onward and up, still onward,
Though feet fail and eyes grow dim,
And the path be steep and stony,
For it leads at the last to Him.

"I said, 'Lord, thy cross is heavy,
Too heavy alas! for me;
It weighs me down on my journey,
And I cannot climb to Thee.'

"He said, 'Thou art beloved,
The way is weary and long,
Yet the race is not aye to the swift,
Nor the battle to the strong.

"Take up thy cross for I gave it,
Sore, though it burdeneth thee;
Time was when I too, was laden,
Bear it, beloved, for me.'

"So I carry the cross on my shoulder,
And its weight is heavy to bear,
But I hold it dear, for he gave it,
And I know I shall leave it there.

“And when I have toiled to the summit,
I shall lay my burden down ;
I shall leave the cross on the hill-top,
And bow my head for the crown.”

Surely if Dr. Noyes regards with interest this scene to-day, it is his hope that the words spoken here may direct your thoughts, not so much to him, as to the Christ whom he served, and who, I believe, came to him in the moment of death when his eye brightened and his lips smiled, came in fulfillment of that promise, “I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.” In a sermon preached to his people, five years ago, Dr. Noyes wrote: “Godly souls in their dying moments often see these things clearly, for the inner eye opens as the eye of sense grows dim.” He once wrote to me: “It will be all well with her sometime, and it will be all well with me.” What inspired this faith we know. Do we possess it? I have seen the last sermon which Dr. Noyes began to write; he never finished it; you never heard it. It was on the “Use and Neglect of Opportunity.” It was to have been a New Year’s sermon. Ah, the New Year has opened more brightly for him than he had anticipated. If we could have followed his spirit as it took its flight heavenward, we might have seen something that would have reminded us of the vision which King Arthur’s friend had of his passing from sight.

“Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds as if some fair city were one voice,
Around a king returning from his wars.”

He has had a choral welcome there, and there he hopes to greet us all, his people, friends, neighbors, wife, sons, daughter, grandchildren, all the fellowship which was so large, in which his heart found scope for its great affection. A leader in our Israel has fallen, and the old places that he loved seem to us desolate. The spring time will come again and clothe the fields with grass, and the flowers will blossom along the paths which he once trod. The now leafless trees with

“Boughs that shake against the old
Bare, ruined choirs where once the sweet birds sang,”

will be vocal again with melodies that he loved. But his voice will be silent in the streets, and our task must be done without him. A still living master in Israel has written: “There is only

one gathering place of the great and good which shall never be left desolate; only the shade of the Tree of Life shall be always refreshing; only the stream from the Fountain of Life shall flow on without end."

After "O Cease, My Wandering Soul" had been sung by the choir, came the second

Address by Dr. Jones.

George McDonald said: "Next to Christ himself the greatest blessing to any community is a Christ-like Christian." Happy Evanston! Favored people! to have enjoyed for more than twenty years the presence and public ministry of this Christ-like Christian—Christ-like man. I have time to mention but two features of his character in which he was this: First—he was a man of sorrows, yet he was anything but a sorrowful man. Because a man is a man of sorrows, it does not follow that he must be a sorrowful man. Christ was a man of sorrows, yet we must not think of him as a sorrowful man. He was anything but that. A man who lived so close to the heart of nature and loved nature as he did could not be a sorrowful man. A man who loved children as he did could not be a sorrowful man. A man who spent all his life doing good, giving health to the sick, comfort to the sad, hope to the despairing, pardon and peace to the sinning,—a man who was always shedding light into darkness, and causing other hearts to sing for joy, could not himself be a sorrowing man. In all this our brother was the Christ-like man; and therefore, for the same reason, though a man of sorrows, he was anything but a sorrowful man. He loved nature, art, poetry, music. He loved little children. He had joined their parents in marriage, spoken words of congratulation when the little ones were born, placed hands of holy baptism on their heads, gathered them into Sunday school, and some of them into the church. Met them often, joined their sports in the home, spoke to them on the street, and called them by name. These were all fountains of life within that made glad his heart, and kept fresh his spirit. More than this—he was Christ-like in that he was always nearest to the neediest, and helpful to the helpless, always shedding light and blessing wherever he went, among the aged, the sick and the poor. "No man is ever allowed to occupy long the position of a pure benefactor. The giver always has his turn, and becomes the receiver." And so he who was always making others glad was himself made glad. This remark-

able thing was more marked in him than in any man I ever knew. In the social circle he always seemed younger than his years. In the Council circle, when matters of serious import were discussed, then he always seemed older than his years. The other feature of Christ-like character in him was his clearness of perception concerning the truth, his love of truth and loyalty to conscience, combined with broad catholicity and generous charity. He learned the royal secret—Christ revealed and Christ inspired,—how to hate sin and love the sinner. Abhor evil, yet cleave to the soul of the evil doer. No man, perhaps, ever went beyond him, or was more Christ-like in this. We are all in bereavement to-day. We have lost our pastor. We sorrow for the afflicted family and church. We also enter into their sorrow, and sorrow with them. This is a loss that is universally deplored. I go nowhere where it is not sadly and tenderly spoken of. God grant that, to all of us, in the days that are to come, it may yield, as under his gracious hand it will, “the peaceable fruits of righteousness.”

Mrs. Wyman sang, “The Lord is Mindful of His Own,” the Rev. Mr. Whittlesey led in prayer, and the Rev. H. B. Ridgaway, D. D., announced the hymn, “My Jesus, as Thou Wilt,” which was sung by the congregation. On behalf of the family and church of Dr. Noyes, Mr. H. C. Hunt then read a brief, appreciative letter of thanks for the sympathy and kindness which had been extended to them. After a few introductory words, recalling how little most men make of themselves, or allow grace to make of them, he continued as follows:

“What we were a few trite sentences will quickly tell when our lives shall have become history. But it was given to our friend and brother and pastor to live a better and a nobler life, and in the broad sweep of his affections and labors to touch many lives that should feel the hurt of his loss when he was taken. It is to own gratefully, on behalf of his family and sorrowing church, all the expressions of sympathy and affection from such stricken hearts that we stand before you now.

“For every word and act of love—for every tender expression of sympathy—for every offer of help and errand of mercy—for all the ready feet and willing hands—for every earnest, heart-breathed petition—for every message of condolence—for all the honor bestowed upon the dead and tenderness upon the living, they desire to make, here and now, their heartfelt acknowledgments.

“To *all*—in this community, or the near city, or broader State—who have sought to honor the memory of the dead, or to give

expression to their solicitude for the living, even to the humble and the children, whom, like his Master, the departed loved, they bring their grateful thanks."

Before pronouncing the benediction, Dr. Patterson called attention to the appended poem, which was found on Dr. Noyes' study table, and which he read, as showing that Dr. Noyes' thoughts had been lately dwelling much upon the end of life and the blessedness of heaven.

ONE LESS AT HOME—ONE MORE IN HEAVEN.

One less at home !

The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed, and saved, and perfected by grace !
One more in Heaven !

One less at home !

One voice of welcome hushed and evermore
One farewell word spoken ; on the shore,
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—
One more in Heaven !

One less at home !

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise,
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our eyes,
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—
One more in Heaven !

One more at home !

This is not home, where, cramped in earthly mold,
Our sight of Christ is dim—our love is cold,
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home and Heaven !

One less on earth !

Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share ;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear ;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in Heaven !

One more in Heaven !

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme of thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and Heaven !

One more at home !

That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally,
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in Heaven !

The Ministers' Association.

On Monday morning, January 28th, the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Chicago, held a memorial meeting for Dr. Noyes. The exercises opened with the reading of the following minute, by Dr. Patterson:

"In the death of our dearly beloved brother, Dr. George C. Noyes, this Association has lost one of its most honored and useful members.

"As a man of general learning, a patron of art, literature and science, an efficient helper in the cause of education, secular and religious, an active supporter of philanthropic enterprises, and an earnest advocate of liberty and equal rights, he stood among the foremost.

"His standard of Christian morality was the highest, and his support of it conscientious and resolute.

"He was genial, companionable and attractive in social relations; warm and steadfast in his friendships; charitable in his judgment of others, even when strongly disapproving their opinions or position.

"He was the most devoted worker in forwarding the enterprises of the Presbyterian Church, and the interests of the church at large.

"As a preacher he was practical, instructive, earnest and impressive, while as a pastor he was diligent, watchful, conciliatory, and untiring in his attention to the temporal and spiritual necessities of his people. Accordingly, his labors were eminently fruitful in the upbuilding and enlargement of his church and congregation.

"Few ministers among us have been esteemed and loved by so large a circle of friends in general society and among Christian people beyond his own church and denomination.

"The faith and hope of our brother were strong and unshaken through the peculiar trials of his personal experience, because he accepted from the heart the eternal truths of God's Holy Word, and entrusted all his interests for time and eternity into the hands of the Savior whom he so truly loved. We are afflicted in common with his church and bereaved family by this mysterious dispensation, and desire to take home to ourselves this fresh admonition to be also watchful and ready for the coming of the Lord.

"We hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to the church thus left as sheep without an earthly shepherd, and to the family of

our departed brother, prayerfully commending all to the care and guardianship of the God of all blessing and comfort."

DR. ROBERT PATTERSON, DR. JOHN H. WORCESTER, REV. EDWIN R. DAVIS, REV. DAVID HARRIES, Editor W. C. GRAY,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
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Pending the adoption of this minute, the deep and fraternal emotion of the members was manifest, and several of them made earnest addresses upon Dr. Noyes' character and services. The chief portions of these tributes are given below.

DR. PATTERSON.

I have, at different times, spoken of the life and character of Dr. Noyes. On those occasions I have abstained from any remarks respecting the personal relations between him and myself, which have uniformly been of the most cordial and confidential nature. I can hardly trust myself now to speak of the personal friendship and even intimacy that has existed between us. I have known brother Noyes much longer than any other member of this Association. We were both graduates of Illinois College, at Jacksonville, in this State. I knew his good reputation there, and in Union Seminary, New York, where he studied theology. I became personally acquainted with him shortly after he left the Seminary, when he was settled at Laporte, Indiana. Since that time we have been on terms of special friendship up to the time of his death. I had something to do with his removal to Evanston, more than twenty years ago. Since his settlement at Evanston, I have seen him almost every week, and during the last three years and a half, almost every day. His death is therefore to me peculiarly a personal loss. My oldest friend in all this region has gone never to return. Dr. Noyes and I had different mental tendencies, but we agreed closely in our views of moral and religious truth. I was fond of theological and exegetical study. He was not specially so, but we came to the same conclusions in accepting the revealed facts of the gospel, while neither of us was satisfied with the old theories in theology. In regard to matters pertaining to the interests of the church he very often asked my judgment, as if desiring all available help to avoid mistakes in his decisions and actions.

Dr. Noyes was submissive and courageous under his peculiar

trials, as the brethren have said; but as he often told me, he was only enabled to maintain his accustomed cheerfulness by keeping his hands, his heart, full of Christian work, and by cultivating personal nearness to Christ. In his prayer meetings he very often gave out the beautiful hymn, by Mrs. Prentiss, "More Love to Thee, O Christ." Sometimes he would announce this same hymn at every meeting, through a whole month. Then omitting it for two or three weeks, he would return to it again, as if the supreme desire of his heart was to be filled with the love of Christ. He has now gone to be "forever with the Lord," and I expect, when I shall go up ere long to that blessed home, that he will be among the first to welcome me with the warm grasp of his hand, and with his ever pleasant and joyous smile.

THE REV. JOHN H. WORCESTER, JR., D. D.,
Pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

I suppose our purpose this morning is rather to give expression to our sense of what Dr. Noyes was to us personally, than to dwell upon his relation to the church at large, or to attempt any estimate of his public services, great and varied as these were. It is sometimes reckoned as one of the privations of the ministry, that the minister, unlike his flock, is without a pastor. We are not less human than other Christians, and we stand in the same need of sympathy, encouragement and counsel. Beyond any one else among us Dr. Noyes took this place, and supplied this need to us all. He was a pastor of pastors. No minister in this Presbytery, I am sure, ever went to him in vain with his burdens, perplexities, or struggles. It is this that afflicts us all to-day with such a sense of personal loss.

To me the loss is greater than I can easily express. The more I dwell upon it, the more I realize how much is gone out of our lives, now that he is with us no more. It seems to me that he has hardly been out of my thoughts since I heard that he had gone, and I cannot tell when a life has preached to me so powerfully as his. I loved him intensely; I think, in some degree, I appreciated him. I seldom meet any one of whom I am so often moved to say, as I did again and again after an hour in Dr. Noyes' company: "What a delightful man he is! What an inexpressible charm there is about him!" And yet it was not till he was taken away that I fully perceived how grand a man he was.

The very simplicity, which was one of his distinguishing traits, was in part the cause of this. There was such an utter absence of

self-consciousness, he asserted himself so little, rather he effaced himself so completely, that he did not challenge attention to his merit, and constrain us to take the full measure of his Christian manhood, as a man of different spirit might have done.

His cheerfulness, beautiful in itself, was doubly beautiful and doubly impressive, when we came to know that it was a daily triumph over one of the most crushing of human sorrows. I have seen him honestly and outspokenly indignant at what seemed to him wrong and unjust, but I do not remember that I ever saw him even for a moment visibly despondent or gloomy. No one who was there, I am sure, will ever forget the scene on the last morning of that precious devotional meeting of the ministers in his church at Evanston, three years ago, when, after a day spent in communion with each other and our Lord, we had come together for a final meeting, and tender references were made in speech and prayer to Brother Noyes' deep affliction. Then when every voice was tremulous, and all eyes were ready to overflow, Dr. Noyes rose with that same bright face and cheery voice which were his always, and while thanking his brethren for their sympathy, "none the less precious that it had been largely a silent sympathy," he bore testimony to the sustaining grace of God, which, as he said, again and again when it had seemed that he was in an extremity, and *could* not bear his burden another hour had taken the burden all away, and enabled him to go on, trustful and at peace; quoting that verse from the Psalms which, as he said, though precious in the old version: "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits," was still more precious in the new version: "Blessed be the Lord who daily beareth our burden," and adding:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

I felt then that I was in the presence of a spiritual hero and conqueror; and I cherish as a precious memory that testimony to the sustaining and comforting power of the gospel of Christ.

Another thing by which Dr. Noyes endeared himself to us was the perfect sweetness of his spirit. I do not think there was a drop of bitterness in his nature. Hard things had been said about him sometimes, and he knew it, but though I have heard him refer to such things and to the pain they caused him, I never heard him express the slightest feeling of resentment, nor did he allow the

knowledge of such things to affect in any way his uniform kindness towards those from whom they came.

This kindliness was remarkable. No man whom I have known has more perfectly exemplified the precept "speaking the truth in love." I once heard him read a letter of reproof which he had felt it his duty to write. The reproof was searching and faithful, fitted to awaken any conscience not wholly stupified, yet it was one of the kindest letters that could have been written, absolutely incapable, as it seemed to me, of giving offense. I have been indebted to him for more than one wholesome admonition, but the admonition was always so kindly expressed that I loved him the better, and felt the more grateful to him for it.

Above all, Dr. Noyes' example was a lesson to us of self-forgetful devotion to that service of Christ in the ministry of the gospel to which he had given his life. Doubtless he may have had in youth, in his unregenerate days, like others, his plans of self-advancement and worldly ambitions. But if he had ever had such they had all been buried out of sight long ago. No one could be with him familiarly without seeing and knowing that in his heart of hearts Christ's work was the thing that he cherished, and for which he lived, and that what was said or thought of him personally was a secondary matter, provided only the work went forward, and Christ was magnified.

It is a cause for daily thanksgiving to God that in my work here I have been brought close to such a man. It was worth while coming to Chicago if only to know him and have him for a friend. And it is the prayer of my heart that I may come to be in some far off way, and measure as a man and a minister such as he was.

REV. D. C. MARQUIS, D. D.,
Professor in the McCormick Theological Seminary.

My acquaintance with Brother Noyes began at the time of his removal to this Presbytery, or very soon after. I felt myself drawn to him at first by the attraction of my wife to his. On my return to the city, after an absence of nearly fifteen years, I learned with great surprise and sorrow the shadow that had fallen upon his home. My sympathies were all the more strong and tender on account of the memory of that early attraction. And my respect for, and my admiration of, and my confidence in, Dr. Noyes were all the more confirmed by the noble, manly, Christian way in which he bore his affliction.

Our paths fell somewhat apart, owing to differences of opinion that developed along ecclesiastical lines. But each of us felt assured concerning the other that the difference was one of conviction. And I can say for myself that I always had the utmost confidence in the sincerity of Brother Noyes' convictions, and in the purity of his motives. He was an open, manly and courteous antagonist. His earnestness in controversy was zeal for a cause which he believed to be right, yet no one could justly accuse him of exhibiting unfriendly feeling, or unbrotherly conduct toward those with whom he differed.

REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D. D., L. L. D.,
Professor in the McCormick Theological Seminary.

If I were to emphasize one thing above another, in cataloguing the qualities of Brother Noyes' character, it would be his broad and deep *sincerity*. It is well known that he and I disagreed concerning some important questions, both of principle and policy. On some points the disagreement was radical. And the contention for our respective positions was frequently sharp and vigorous. But we respected each others' motives. And I am not conscious of ever having had occasion, in our discussions, to challenge the fullness and thoroughness of his sincerity. Indeed, it was in the heat of one of our earnest debates that we once sat down after a Monday morning ministers' meeting, and talked the matter all over, and looked into each other's hearts, he lifting the veil and inviting me to some confidence that gave me deeper impression than ever of the genuineness of his purpose, and that stamped his spirit with a rare and tender honorableness.

Another feature that was emphasized to my thought in his later years, was his keen, delicate sense of the proprieties. It was something deeper than the art of deft and courteous speech. It was a fineness of fiber pertaining to spirit rather than to form. It gave him quick perception of possible embarrassment to others, and made him generously sensitive of intrusion, where his word or presence might by any one be counted an infelicity.

He was varied and broad, too. He touched many interests, He was actively identified with much that was best in the life of our city and our church. We shall miss him everywhere. May we be better men for his life and death.

REV. EDWIN R. DAVIS,
Presbyterian Missionary.

My acquaintance with Dr. Noyes began soon after he became

a member of the Presbytery of Chicago, over twenty years ago. Closely associated with him in its mission work for several years. I knew him intimately, loved him as a true friend, and admired him for his many noble and beautiful traits of character. He was ever what he appeared to be. There was no pretense about him. He was sincere and earnest in his convictions of truth and duty, charitable towards those who differed from him, kindly, fraternal with his brethren, courteous to all. While his heart bore the burden of a great sorrow, yet he was cheerful and genial as a companion, wisely and tenderly ministering the consolations of the gospel to those in affliction. As a Presbyterian, he served our church with rare fidelity, intelligence and a breadth of judgment not excelled, if equalled, by others. While he was, in a remarkable degree, a manly man, exhibiting great force and strength of character, yet his sensibilities were as tender and refined as those of a woman, leading him to a careful regard for the feelings of others. His visits to my home were always a comfort to my invalid wife. By grace prepared, our brother was ready for the Master's use and presence. Our comfort is, by that same grace we may continue to serve, and then, at His bidding, come to greet our brother in the Master's presence.

REV. W. W. TOTTEROH, D. D.,
Pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church,

As a recent comer, it may be that it would be more appropriate were I to retain my seat and remain silent, thus affording more opportunity to others who have been longer and more intimately associated with Dr. Noyes, to bear testimony touching their high appreciation of his many grand and noble qualities. And, yet, perhaps, in the very fact that I have but recently removed to this locality, there may be a reason why I should speak, and, for myself and others, who have within a short time come into the Chicago Presbytery, bear witness to our brother's ready and cordial welcome for the new comer. It was a rare privilege to form the acquaintance of such an one as he. His courtesy was not of that kind that is so often put on for a time or a purpose; it was not perfunctory; it belonged to his very nature. In the grasp of his hand, the look of his eye, and the tone of his voice, his soul revealed itself.

A picture of Dr. Noyes, that I have long treasured, is of an incident of years ago. It was soon after I had entered the ministry. I was in this city for a visit, and with a ministerial friend I came

to this minister's meeting. I was presented to one after another of the brethren, but that was all there was of it. No one seemed to take any special interest in me, nor in the locality in which I was settled. I was among my brethren, but, I confess that I felt somewhat lonesome. Presently I was introduced to Brother Noyes, at that time (1874) one of the busiest members of the Presbytery. Many were waiting to consult him—how natural it was for us to consult him!—but he paused to make inquiries as to myself and my work, and to bid me God-speed. Somehow I felt at once as though I was encircled by his friendship. The interview, brief as it was, seemed to me a blessed means of grace.

Within a few months we have met frequently, and the interest he has shown towards me has been in harmony with his conduct of years ago. But my experience has only been in keeping with that of all others.

Many things in our brother's character and disposition have been mentioned this hour as being worthy of our emulation; but to my mind no quality commends itself more impressively than his beautiful and uniform grace of Christian courtesy.

REV. W. T. MELOY, D. D.,

Pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Do you know what it is to have communion with God—to be taken into the Divine confidence—to know "the secret of the Lord" which is with those who fear Him?

This, I believe, was the delightful experience of our recently departed brother. To this source we must trace the calmness and peace, the composure and resignation, that pervaded his whole life. Who has failed to be charmed with the writings of Charles Lamb? What a sweet spirit he breathes. But it is only when we know how deeply he suffered himself while cheering the outer world that we are able to appreciate the true nobility of his character. He willingly made the greatest sacrifice, and preferred to take his dear sister's hand and walk with her through the gloomiest shadows of life. We wonder that he could minister to the world's pleasure while his own heart was bleeding. But Dr. Noyes experienced a deeper trial. No one would ever have guessed that his genial spirit had been touched with grief as he gave himself, with Christ-like devotion, to dispel the clouds that brooded over others. And yet we ought to know that the hands that have been pierced

are the ones that may be lifted up in richest benedictions, and that the High Priest of true consolation has been made perfect through suffering.

There are some men of real worth with whom you must long be acquainted, before you will understand the nobility of their souls. But one could not be long with Dr. Noyes without knowing him. His look was sympathetic; his hand-grasp was free, and his bearing eminently that of a Christian gentleman. There seemed to be nothing to hide from you, and you knew him the moment you met him. That he had faults I do not doubt, for the perfection of Christian manhood has never been exhibited but once on earth. But of his faults, I can truly say I never saw them, and could not even guess what they were. But he is gone from us, and this world will be less our home because he is not in it, and in these meetings there will be a feeling of loneliness because our brother cannot be with us.

REV. SIMON J. MCPHERSON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

I have been thinking, as I sat here, that Dr. Noyes would have been at once abashed and happy if he could have heard these glowing tributes of his brethren. He was a singularly modest man, yet, like all affectionate natures, he loved to know that he was loved. He had a remarkable capacity for friendship. We all know, I may say, in passing, what a rich fund of humor, and what a gift for innocent mirth, he possessed. We all loved him; that is plain to-day. But I wonder whether we gave him his due by letting him know that fact while he was here among us.

I have been recalling, too, like the rest of you, his untiring industry. I warned him last fall that he was working too hard, that his countenance betrayed him. But he had so little self-consciousness, so little selfishness, that my words made small impression upon him. Besides his sense of duty and his appreciation of the world's great need, he had two special promptings to constant toil: his care of all the churches, and the danger of brooding over his constant sorrow. Any one of us, it would seem, could have been better spared than he, so generous and devoted was he to all needy churches—so steadily did he acknowledge the debt which strength owes to weakness. As to his affliction, we often ignored it, I fear, because he bore it so cheerfully and bravely, and because he kept himself occupied for others. But one that loved as he did—one that had so refined and noble a companion to love—could

not help feeling the burden of her long illness and separation from him most poignantly. Yet he never felt hopeless, as we have heard. Nor did he ever feel the least bitterness, even after he had become convinced that if different counsels had been followed, much of the long agony might have been spared them.

Another thing that I greatly admired in him was the unobtrusive strength and energy of his character. Every one noticed his rich sympathy, even with the degraded; but he possessed also great capability for indignation against meanness and malicious evil. Tolerant and charitable towards all men, his own convictions were intense. He had an unwavering belief in the revealed word of God and in prayer, and a chivalrous loyalty towards Jesus Christ. His gentleness tempered the expression of his beliefs, but it never interfered with his strict adherence to evangelical truth; nor did it abate an iota from his judgment of measures proposed by either friends or opponents. For that reason he was one of the most trusted counselors of my life. He was also a brave man. His inaugural address as President of the Literary Club, while it offended no one, was a distinct testimony on behalf of his Divine Master.

Perhaps the best summary of his qualities can be given by saying that his life was an unartificial and uniform exhibition of the spirit of the Savior. That certainly was to me his most exalted and conspicuous characteristic. I think that in this moving hour, as in every hour since he left us, we should acknowledge alike the rebuke and the inspiration of his almost faultless career.

REV. JAS. H. MALCOLM,

Pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

Although the time for adjournment has come, I cannot get the consent of my heart to let this service close without saying a word. My acquaintance with Dr. Noyes is limited to the short time I have been in this city, but that short time has been so much *enriched* by the blessed touch of our departed brother. Coming into this Presbytery comparatively a stranger, he greeted me as a friend, and so cordial was his greeting, that at once he won my heart and confidence—I loved him. I loved him because he first loved me. I loved him because he fed and strengthened my love. As I have sat here and listened to the tributes you have severally brought and laid at his feet, you who have known him for years, I am impressed with what a compliment this man's life is to his Master, whose he was and is, and whom he served. Human great-

ness is distributed among men. It is seldom we see a man who is great in more than one direction, but it seems as though greatness in every direction meets in our brother, Dr. Noyes. But summing up what has been said this hour, and adding to this my personal knowledge of the man, it seems as though this man embodied every element of that greatness which characterizes a noble, faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Since his death I have read and re-read his sermon preached on the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate, if, perchance, I might catch something of his spirit. As Dr. Worcester has already said, since I heard of his death, his life has been a daily sermon to me. And in this solemn hour I long to be filled with his spirit, that I may have the grace and the sweet temper that he evinced as a servant of Jesus Christ, and as a minister of the blessed gospel of the Son of God, that the love of Christ that was pulsing and throbbing in him, making itself felt wherever he went, may, in some measure, appear in my life. Remembering that this is a memorial service, my judgment is, that the greatest honor we can show to the dead is to honor the living. Let the life we so much honor to-day by our words be the life we shall seek to reproduce. Let us take up his fallen mantle, and love one another as he loved us. I look upon this as one of the lessons to be learned from this hour, and that this may be impressed upon us, let us spend a short season in prayer that his spirit may more and more be manifest in us.

Memorials of Various Organizations.

I.—THE VILLAGE OF EVANSTON.

EVANSTON, February 4th, 1889.

To the President and Members of the Village Council, Evanston, Illinois:

Your Special Committee, to whom was referred the minutes of the President, calling attention to the death of Dr. Geo. C. Noyes, for so long a period one of Evanston's most prominent and honored citizens, would report:

That although Dr. Noyes was not an officer of the Village or directly connected with the administration of its government, yet he was so thoroughly identified with its life and history, and was, to so large an extent, connected with all of our public and philanthropic enterprises, that it is especially fitting that this Council record its appreciation of him as a man pure and upright in character, earnest and patriotic as a citizen, generous and sympathizing as a friend.

While his loss to our community is incalculable, we remember that he has bequeathed to us a rich heritage in the influence of a virtuous and Godly life. Everywhere men will be the better for having known him; every good influence was quickened by his teaching and by his example; every good work received encouragement and aid from him.

To the family and friends who have been so especially bereaved, we tender our earnest and heartfelt sympathy, and while we commend them to the tender care of Him from whom alone true consolation can be received, we would assure them that their sorrow is shared by an entire community, each member of which feels that he has been afflicted and bereaved.

We would recommend that this report be entered at length upon the journal, and that the action of the Council be officially communicated to Dr. Noyes' family.

FRANK P. CRANDON,	} <i>Committee.</i>
CHAS. J. GILBERT,	
JOHN R. LINDGREN.	

Unanimously adopted.

II.—THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OF EVANSTON.

Read at the prayer-meeting at the Presbyterian Church, Wednesday evening, February 6th.

Dear Friends of the First Presbyterian Church, of Evanston :

The death of your beloved and honored pastor will call forth many affectionate tributes from individuals, outside of his own congregation, who have been helped and cheered by his words of counsel and consolation. But aside from these individual testimonials, it seemed appropriate that we, as a church, should lay upon his bier our tribute of respect and affection.

Twice in our history we have been the sharers of your hospitality. When it was decided twenty years ago to disband the Lake Avenue Church, that union enterprise from which both of our churches sprung, we accepted your invitation to worship with you, while our church was building. When four years ago our church building was destroyed by fire, your hospitable doors were again open to us. On the first occasion we shared with you the pastoral care of Dr. Noyes; and although on the last occasion we were ministered to by our own pastor, we felt that we were brooded over by the loving sympathy of our great-hearted friend.

It will be for others to delineate those traits of character which

made him so beloved and honored. But there were two rare and beautiful qualities which we have always greatly admired in him. He was always loyal to his convictions of duty, and he fearlessly expressed them; but he expressed them in such a generous, tolerant way, that he never forfeited the good will of his opponents. He was also a man of never-failing cheerfulness. It was this that drew all hearts towards him. His cheery, sunshiny presence was a benediction in every home that he entered; and yet what a weight of sorrow rested on that manly heart.

Your loss is very great, but what a wealth of memory is yours! What a privilege to have enjoyed twenty years of such a ministry as his! Oh, for another such. That is our prayer for you.

On behalf of the First Congregational Church, of Evanston,

L. H. BOUTELL,
FRANCIS BRADLEY,
H. B. HILL.

III.—THE EVANSTON CLUB.

At the meeting of the Evanston Club, held Monday evening, February 4th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We learn with deep regret of the death of our revered and well-beloved friend and fellow-townsmen, the Rev. George C. Noyes, D. D.

Resolved, That as individual members of the Evanston Club we cherish his memory as a Christian gentleman and leader of men, showing dignity in his profession and generous fellowship to all. And appreciating that such characteristics lie at the heart of all human associations we will hold our departed friend in revered recollection, and herewith convey our respectful condolence to his family.

IV.—THE FRESHMAN CLASS, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by death one honored and beloved, in the person of Dr. George C. Noyes,

AND WHEREAS, We, the members of the Freshman Class of Northwestern University, mourn his loss, both to his family and to the community at large.

Resolved, That we do hereby extend to our honored member, Mr. Marshall P. Noyes, our heartfelt sorrow and tenderest sympathy in his bereavement;

And Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to him, and also a copy be published in the ensuing numbers of the *North-western* and *The Index*.

V.—THE PRESBYTERIAN SOCIAL UNION, OF CHICAGO.

We put upon record our sense of deep bereavement in the death of our beloved brother, the Rev. George C. Noyes. And yet in the midst of our grief, we recognize the hand which doeth all things well. We know that it could be truly said of our brother, that to depart and be with Christ was for him far better.

Our departed friend was eminent in all the qualities of Christian manhood. His mind was strong, clear and thoroughly furnished. He was a faithful and devoted pastor, an able preacher of the gospel, a wise counselor, and a true, constant and loving friend. We extend our sympathies to his family, to his people, to all who were permitted to know him, in this our common loss. We may say of him: "Let me die the death of the righteous: may my last end be like his."

DR. WM. C. GRAY,
REV. J. H. BARROWS, D. D., } *Committee.*
HENRY B. CRAGIN, ESQ.

VI.—THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB.

This Club has met with a severe bereavement in the death of one of its most esteemed members, who, but a few months ago, filled the highest official position.

George Clement Noyes was born at Landaff, New Hampshire, August 4th, 1833. When he was twelve years of age, his parents removed to Perry, in Pike County, Illinois.

He early gave evidence of scholarly tastes, and, at the age of nineteen, entered Illinois College at Jacksonville. He was graduated in 1855, and entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. In 1858, he assumed his first pastoral relation at Laporte, Indiana, where he remained ten years. He was then called to the First Presbyterian Church in Evanston, where he completed his twenty years of pastoral service in November last.

Dr. Noyes was elected a member of this Club in 1882; and, perhaps, no member ever more keenly enjoyed the privilege of social intercourse with its members and of contributing to its literary exercises. He never missed a meeting when it was possible for him to be present. His broad, catholic spirit, his genial manners, and joyous, warm sensibilities, made him a universal favorite

in the Club. In whatever circle he was, there were happy faces, animated conversation, the humorous assault, the sharp *repartee*, and much sportive laughter. Every one felt that in him was a true friend and safe counselor. He enjoyed humor; he loved music, painting and sculpture; he loved his friends, and would go far out of his way to serve them. Such domestic affliction as his would have crushed an ordinary man; but in his case it refined his spirit, and prepared him to sympathize with the woes of others.

The character, which was so attractive to the members of this Club, impressed every one within the wide range of his influence—the church of which he was the pastor, the inhabitants of the town where he resided, and of the great city of which it is a suburb. When he entered a car on a suburban train every eye was upon him, seeking for his cheerful look of recognition. Persons of no religious faith loved him, and came to him for counsel and sympathy in their afflictions. The term “Bishop of Evanston and the surrounding country” would define his pastoral relations.

Dr. Noyes was a scholar. He kept up his study of the ancient classics; and his investigations covered a much wider range than was required for his own pulpit. Every great moral, political and social question of the day he studied carefully, and was a frequent contributor concerning them to the religious and secular press.

For many years he was an editorial writer on, and the weekly correspondent of, the *New York Evangelist*, over the signature of “Clement.” In furnishing these letters he required of the editors this condition—that they would not change or omit anything he should write.

It was not possible for him to limit his range of vision to the field immediately around him. His interest and sympathies extended over the whole country, and even the whole continent. Hence he developed a strong taste for travel. He loved to make excursions to the South, that he might inspect the condition of the freedmen and the process of reconstruction. He made a journey to Puget’s Sound, Oregon, and California, and another to Mexico, and wrote out his thoughtful observations on both journeys when he returned.

As a Christian minister he was distinguished by a rare combination of earnestness and charity, of sound, practical judgment and unselfish activity in good works, of strict fidelity to his own carefully formed and firm convictions, and respect for the sincere convictions of others. He was a notable exception to the rule which Mrs. Browning announced, in saying that “Faith and toleration

are found in our age, but they are found apart; we tolerate everybody because we believe nothing, or else we tolerate nobody because we believe something." He was a Christian of the nobler type of character, and multitudes, whose lives have been touched and blessed by his gracious manhood, feel that they have lost in him a friend, who beautifully exemplified what is best in the Christian faith. His work as a minister was marked by large and continued success; he was widely known and sincerely esteemed by those in his own denomination, and by many others. He was particularly interested in the moral and spiritual enlightenment of the growing populations in the newer regions of our own country. His study and extended personal observation had given him a thorough acquaintance with the imperial Western domain, which is to be a controlling factor in the future life of America, and his mind was deeply concerned with efforts for its educational and moral improvement. The ideal of the Christian minister which he presents to us is that of one who, while diligent in self-culture, faithful to his special work and earnest in delivering his message to his own people, fully realized that he had large and vital connections with his country and with the world, and who, with all modesty, might have repeated the line of the Roman dramatist: "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

WILLIAM F. POOLE, }
 JOHN H. BARROWS, } *Committee.*
 CLINTON LOCKE. }

Sermon by Prof. David Swing.

On January 20th, Prof. Swing preached to his congregation in Chicago, a sermon on "The Coming Ideal Clergyman." Extracts from it, referring more directly to Dr. Noyes, are here given:

He preached the word unto them.—*Mark ii.: 2.*

The Rev. Dr. Noyes, of this city, who, since last Sunday, has passed from the earth, was so well known to many of you, and was so highly esteemed, that his name may well bring you a theme for the hour. Of course he was not a president or a king or a genius, but he was great enough to justify the memories and reflections of a sacred morning in a sacred place.

There is no demand for a funeral discourse; no call for your tears; but it seems a good morning for marking how well this absent clergyman may illustrate for our generations what is meant or should be meant by the broad American clergyman. For a

generation this type of preacher has been alluded to as to come or coming; alluded to with ridicule by some, by some with hope.

In our land to which the broad American clergyman has not yet come, and in whose future that kind of preacher stands in misty outline, this Dr. Noyes seemed a kind of good substitute for the something better, but long delayed. Society does not sit down and wait for its ideals to come. "Life is short, but art is long," and, therefore, we all, with our short life, must decline to wait for the motions of a long art. We must rally around something unfinished, because we are all about to pass away. Therefore, precious to us are these present living substitutes for the ideal, for they are here with us each morning and evening of a life that cannot be stopped, and can be lived only once. . . .

There was much in his own personal nature, and much in the new era, that invited him to live the life he lived. His ministry opened in his youth with the same practical, ethical and missionary qualities that marked his final years. He did not quarrel with his creed; he selected from it that which could be applied at once to human conduct; he did not contradict the catechism; he transcended it. . . .

Thus the uprising of these broad men within a score of very different sects compels us to perceive that they are issuing from the inborn characters of persons, and . . . from the contact of this century with the person and teachings of Jesus Christ.

Toleration will form a large quality in the coming clergymen of most usefulness, not only because hundreds of varying opinions may be looked upon as equally honorable to the holder, but also because toleration is only another name for kindness between men. What is called benevolence toward the poor, or humanity toward the brutes, or gentleness toward the sick, or pity toward the suffering. This kindness, extended to persons of many religious faiths, is called toleration. It once existed only in law, but it has become a virtue of the heart. It is now a personal ornament. It is a tenderness of the mind. Fenelon possessed it among the Catholics. So did Blaise Pascal. Neither of these men could have caused a Protestant to shed a tear. We all think the opinions of other people less true than our own, but when the heart rises up and says: "Oh, Catholic, or oh, Protestant, with all thy faults I love thee still," this is toleration. In this shape of modern kindness Dr. Noyes went beyond many of his own denomination. To his

Sunday evening lectures some highly educated and loyal Roman Catholics went, week after week, because it was well known to them that the religious truth that would come to their ears would be the truth universal,—would be that Christianity of deed and character they had heard from the earliest days of childhood.

The real "word" of Christ fits itself to all persons alike, for it was framed not for any sect, but for human beings. The ideas of faith, penitence, righteousness, reward, punishment, and immortal life, concern all alike, Protestants and Catholics, and so the reforms and the appeals of humanity ask that the audience that hears them shall have only an elevated human nature. When a mind possesses the power to select this "word" from the less noble notions of the many denominations, and when there comes a heart that can love such choice doctrines of the human race, there comes a leader whom all can hear gladly.

Thus did Dr. Noyes preach the "word," and whoever sat before the pulpit felt that the truth was falling around, and not a truth for a Presbyterian alone, but a truth for him. Whether the rainfall was of fire or of manna, the awful or sweet shower was for all. Some Presbyterians can thus preach once a year, but that was a great mind that could thus preach for a lifetime. When a clergyman is so benevolent that the children on the street run toward him, and not away from him, then toward that man will run also all those older children that may belong to the fireside of Wesley or Luther or Rome—for the face of benevolence is one and the same for all the years man lives.

This unpretending clergyman comes up before memory to-day to illustrate the proposition that the ideal preacher of the continent need not be a genius, nor a poet, nor a brilliant essayist, nor a skillful rhetorician. It should be a great relief of the heart to know this; for what would the ten thousand towns and cities do if their religious leaders had to come in the nature of a Fenelon, a Bossuet, a Robert Hall, a Thomas Chalmers or a Channing? Those types of mind are so few, and in their coming so uncertain, that they are useful only as inspirations to the real creators of Christendom and civilization. The supply of sensational preachers in both a good and a bad sense is so small that the Nation can not expect much from those two types of brain and soul. The Nation demands ten thousand of good pulpit toilers, and therefore it must expect them in that kind of merit that is more abundant than genius or brilliancy. The crop of genius is too small to meet the public demand.

To meet the crisis, nature intervenes with that which is next akin; with that most satisfactory substitute found in solidity of thought, in breath of knowledge and of taste, in earnestness, conscientiousness and piety. Power is much more abundant than brilliancy. It is many shaped, and can equip an army of working minds each with different armor. The men of poetry and creative talents are few, the men of power, many.

Taking this wide and truthful survey of eloquence or spoken power, it is at once seen that the ideal clergyman will come in some one of the shapes of this force of mind upon mind. Sincerity, wisdom, piety, learning, sympathy, and goodness will so meet in this laborer that people will hear him gladly, without asking whence comes the persuasion that fills their intellects. Thus was Dr. Noyes a form of eloquence, for, if for twenty years the old and the young followed his argument whither it went; if the church became more and more full; if the young professed their faith under the influence of that kind and yet compact logic; if men changed their course of life for the better under the motives which those lips expressed; then there is no need for a definition of eloquence, the definition being made untimely by the life-long fact. This is that simple fact of eloquence in which can come a band of gospel brothers who shall be able to lead the cities, towns, and villages whither the people should all go. It is not a cheap eloquence. It comes by labor, by literature, by art, by taste, by wide reading, by warmth of heart, and by faith in God; but, while not easily found, it is not so far away and so hopeless as that kind of speech which has been ascribed to only a few names in the wide reach of history.

In this man, Dr. Noyes, as now recalled, was there such a foreshadowing of the kind of Christian preacher and pastor our country needs, and the type it is making in its silent laboratory. The construction of this desirable laborer is going on in all the denominations, and no one can tell from what church will issue the most and the best of these true evangelists. The age is using each sect for its shop and as the source of its material. It will require all the denominations to supply enough of these men to meet the need of the future. The levy will be laid equally, for all the sects are about equally rich and equally poor. The riches and the poverty exist without respect of creeds.

This forerunner of the ideal pastor reached out toward the world of literature, as well as toward the department of faith and piety. He was active in the realm of books. He inclined his ear

toward music with full zeal. The books and the arts informed his mind, awakened, inspired and enriched it, and gave his heart the joy and the vivacity of children in May and June. He went away from earth too soon, if we consult human feelings; but he was such a servant of God, so faithful and so full of worship, that his death must be looked upon as coming to pass in the full presence of One who does not permit His children to meet with any event that comes too soon or too late. To us all the far future seems the better time for the death of self, or of one beloved, but the best time for a going from this world is known only to Him, who alone knows what is life and what is death, and what the home beyond.

Articles from the Press.

I.—THE EVANSTON INDEX, JANUARY 24TH.

Such facts as these go to make up the merest outline of a biographical sketch. They are, however, hard, dry and cold, and give but the slightest intimation of the richness and nobility of the life which it has seemed best to an all-wise Providence to cut short. His life was a grand triumph. He so lived that he was as ready as mortal man could be to stand confidently in the awful presence of his Maker. He so lived that there stand to his credit many lives made better by his influence and example. He so lived that his memory is a blessing to the people. He so lived that when he died he was mourned not only by those who had striven to follow his noble example, but was sorrowed for by the careless and indifferent, to whom his purity was a reproach.

Dr. Noyes will live long in the history of Evanston. He had that peculiar kindliness and that wonderful genial disposition which endeared him to the masses—manly as a man should be, tender and loving as women are. He was no mere theorist or theoretical theologian. He was interested in the welfare of the community; was bold and pronounced in his political opinions, and wielded a practised and vigorous pen. His was no idle, dreamy Christianity. It was practical, simple, honest. He knew the world, sympathized with mortal failings, and yet in his own life and character was an incentive to goodness. His sermons were like the man, plain, simple, often blunt, abounding in love for his fellows, and yet abating not a particle from the doctrine of love and mercy preached from the cross itself.

Men pass away and the world forgets their names. Some few are preserved in the pages of earthly histories, and of these few

quite as many are noted for failings as for virtues. This man, whose memory is now fresh and green among us, may have no page in the ephemeral histories of men, but his name is written in letters of gold on the eternal tablets of the omnipotent God.

II.—THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, JANUARY 15TH.

There was, perhaps, no clergyman in Northern Illinois more highly respected by all with whom he came in contact than Dr. Noyes. Especially was this true in Evanston, where he labored as a minister for twenty years. He went there a young man, and by his efforts largely helped to build up a prosperous and independent church. . . . While he was a strong believer in the Presbyterian faith, his sermons were seldom confined to doctrinal points. For his texts, living issues were chosen. For hypocrisy he had an utter contempt, and was fearless in denouncing all forms of it. Sin he hated, but for the sinner he had charity and forbearance. For the higher types of Christian manhood and womanhood, for morality and human kindness, he had natural and profound sympathy. An old friend speaking of Dr. Noyes yesterday, said: "He was a good father and husband, an upright man, a charitable teacher, and an honest citizen. What more could be said of any man?" Dr. Noyes was a Christian gentleman of sincere and deep convictions, but broad in his views and tolerant of the opinions of others, even when they differed widely from his own. He had a peculiar charm and grace of manner which endeared him to all who knew him, and among laymen he was one of the most popular clergymen ever known in Chicago. Yet he never made any sacrifice of his principles to gain popularity, nor abated anything from his dignity as a man or a clergyman.

There is not a man, woman or child in Evanston or South Evanston but sincerely mourns the death of this good man. Telegrams and letters poured into the bereaved household all day long, with messages of respect and inquiry, and later, of condolence. Dr. Noyes was as well known among the lowly as among the higher classes.

Dr. Noyes, even at the beginning of his clerical career, when a pastor was expected to confine himself mainly to creed and the elucidation of knotty doctrinal questions, refused to be held down from the discussion of live questions. At first this created no little dissatisfaction, but finally the honesty of his purpose and the

bravery with which he combatted old-time prejudices showed to the good people of Laporte that they had a teacher among them of more than ordinary ability and far-sightedness.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPH.

The death of the Rev. George C. Noyes deprives this city—for, though he lived in Evanston, he was a Chicagoan—of one of its bravest and truest citizens, and the Presbyterian Church of one of its ablest and hardest working ministers. He was one of the best gifts of New England to the West. He had the morality and energy of the Puritan, but none of his fanaticism. He had a breadth of mind and width of culture which emancipated him from the narrowing influences of sect, and thus added a hundredfold to his influence among men. A sincere friend of temperance, he preferred practical rather than impracticable methods of promoting it, and hence was an early and constant friend of high license, and an opponent of political prohibition, the uselessness of which offended the practical side of his nature. A man of great executive ability, he found his place among the workers of the church rather than among its orators, and for that reason will be missed far more than one whose name was more familiar to the public. He died too soon for the community and the church, but he died with no enemies and with many friends, with a record without a blot, and with a serene confidence that his future life would be as happy as his blameless past.

III.—THE INTERIOR, CHICAGO, JANUARY 24TH.

TO GEORGE C. NOYES.

Great heart ! what change of place,
Of state and circumstance,
What added gifts and grace,
By which the soul to enhance,
The touch of death may show—
I cannot tell—but this
Beyond all doubt I know :
Where'er thy dwelling is,
Within what pearly gates,
Beside what jasper sea,
Upon what golden streets—
Thou art the same to me.

Amid the flash of wings,
Beside the seraph throng,
Unawed among the kings
Of saintly thought or song,

Not changed by any glow
That falleth from thy crown,
Thy rugged features show
The man that I have known—
Unchanged—though feet trod
The dimness here below,
Along bright ways of God
Flash upward, joyful now.

Some souls there are whom death
May change in form or face,
Upon whom heaven may wreath
A strange and distant grace.
But thou—so straight hast gone
The way of heaven's will,
I see thee walking on—
The same strong spirit still.
The saint shall not hide so
The human soul I knew—
'Mid heaven's blaze I'll know,
And greet thee—fellow true.

NEW YORK.

C. L. THOMPSON.

EDITORIAL, BY DR. WM. C. GRAY.

Our most familiar friend has gone to the other side. Dr. Noyes came very frequently to *The Interior* office, and the greeting was always as familiar as it could be between brothers, and nearly always there was some pleasant chaffing. As I write this, a line comes in from Dr. C. L. Thompson, with the poem printed above, which is so apt to what I was about to write that I will quote from it. After speaking of the distress which the death of his beloved friend has brought upon him, Dr. Thompson recalls the last interview with him: "I think the last time I saw him was at the Assembly. You remember his sally. When he said to you: 'You are not a minister;' you replied, 'Thank heaven for that.' He retorted, '*We* do.'"

He liked to unbend, and enjoyed very greatly the freedom of perfect friendship, and yet, in near a score of years of intimacy, I do not remember ever to have talked with him when the by-play of humor did not deepen into serious talk. There were depths of feeling and of wisdom below the sparkle of the foam, which were always apparent. He was profoundly serious and in earnest. He bore upon his heart the heaviest burden that can befall a loving heart, the long continued invalidism of his wife, who was a beautiful and charming woman. He was a burden-bearer for others,

and his warm and widely extended sympathies drew upon him a great task of toil and care. He was as candid as the cloudless sky. He did not hesitate to reprove, and yet his reproofs never left a sting or sediment of bitterness. This candor and faithfulness made him of the highest value as a friend. No one has so freely and unhesitatingly spoken to us of our faults as he did—and we therefore held him as the most genuine and the most useful of friends. This candor, tempered with wise discretion, and revealing a very sensible and experienced mind, gave him influence over men which they felt to be preponderating. He never trimmed, never dodged, never took an unfair advantage in controversy, nor in anything else. He was a profound Christian; had absolute confidence in the power of the gospel to do all for man that can be done for him in this world; and had no patience with any superficial substitutes for the gospel in reforms. His abounding charity made him very tolerant, and his sympathies were quick and intense with those who were wronged. No minister was so well known and so universally beloved, in and out of his denomination, in the city and in the country round about. He was the home missionary bishop of the West—working arduously year after year at the head of the Home Mission Committees of the Presbytery and Synod. It was the judgment of the men of widest intelligence, both ministers and laymen, in the West and Northwest, that no man had such qualifications for the Secretaryship of our Board of Home Missions—that no one among us could render such distinguished service to the church. This was the opinion of so conservative and large a man as the late Hon. Samuel M. Moore, and he often expressed surprise that Dr. Noyes was not called to that work. The Synod of Illinois gave formal expression to it, and our ministers in Dakota, Montana, Washington and Idaho were very desirous that his services should be secured. Dr. Noyes was greatly comforted in his wife's affliction by the beautiful fidelity to him of his daughter and his six sons. He many times alluded to this in his conversations with us, and said that they had never given him an hour of solicitude or distrust—they were a perpetual joy to him. The bereaved ones have the right to take consolation from the fact that they were all to their father that children could be, while he lived. The funeral was conducted in the church to which he has so long ministered. Distinguished men in all departments of business went to Evanston to pay their respects to his memory. The church was banked with costly flowers, which yet were arranged with the most exquisite taste. Drs. Patterson, Stryker and McPherson

conducted the services with a modesty of eulogium which was most impressive—the very forbearance at one point producing an effect that went far beyond what the highest reach of oratory could have done. There was too much grief and tenderness in the hearts of the speakers to permit any thing rhetorical.

LETTER FROM DR. DINSMORE.

BLOOMINGTON, January 15, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I was greatly pained to read in this morning's paper a notice of the death of Dr. Noyes. I became acquainted with him a number of years ago. I soon found that I had for him a very sincere respect, which quickly grew into a warm attachment. He was a very manly man, of strong personality, such as could not fail to impress any one who came close to him. Calm and self-contained, he had great influence among his brethren. His death is a great loss, not only to his congregation and the region about Chicago, but to the whole church, and especially to the Synod of Illinois. He had a statesman-like conception of the needs of the work in this Synod, and how to meet them. He had a profound sense of the urgent importance of pushing the work vigorously, and at once, and was unrelenting in his efforts to get it done. He had stalwart convictions on many subjects, and was perfectly fearless in maintaining them, yet he was so fair in his methods and so suave in manner, that he made few, if any, personal enemies. He could differ and warmly debate with you, without quarrelling. He had much practical sagacity and shrewdness, without the slightest taint of low cunning, or tricky management. He was a strong man, large-minded and loyal-hearted, a sincere and humble disciple of Jesus Christ, and a faithful servant of his Master to the end. I loved and honored him much, and am very, very sorry that we shall see his face no more. I wish to bring this little tribute to his memory. Sincerely yours,

JOHN W. DINSMORE.

IV.—THE EVANGELIST, NEW YORK, JANUARY 24TH.—EXTRACTS
FROM EDITORIAL.

The death of Dr. Noyes has been followed by unusual tokens of sorrow, respect, and love, such as only a genuine life, devoted to the highest calling known among men, could have called forth. The ties between pastor and people were peculiarly strong, ministering as he did to the intellect and the affections. He touched the

entire community at many points.

Did space suffice we might here properly add our own impressions of Dr. Noyes' excellence as a writer, as displayed in these columns on a great variety of topics. Few or none excelled him in information, in clearness of statement, and that transparent sincerity which holds the respect of even the unconvinced reader. But, better than anything we can say of our friend and correspondent are the several spontaneous tributes to him, which have been sent us, and which we here append in the order in which they come to hand.

Letters.

FROM REV. J. A. WIGHT, D. D.

A telegram warned me of the death of this beloved brother, who departed this life on Monday afternoon, at Evanston, Ill., where his funeral occurs to-day, Jan. 17th, attended by ministers of all denominations, Rev. Dr. R. W. Patterson conducting the services.

The readers of *The Evangelist* will surely miss "Clement," whose letters have been frequent of late years in its columns. Dr. Noyes and myself were neighbors years ago, commencing our ministerial life very nearly together, though his years were much the fewer. His age at death is but fifty-five. His first charge was at Laporte, Ind., where he was pastor ten years. Thence he removed to Evanston, Ill., and recently completed twenty years of pastoral work there. The church numbered about thirty-five members at his beginning, but has grown to nearly 500 at present, and has become two churches in place of one.

Few men are more widely and favorably known in the interior region than Dr. Noyes. He was, I believe, the oldest member in continuous pastoral work, of the Presbytery of Chicago. He moved among the strong men of the Church anywhere, was entirely independent in his opinions, and had always the courage of his convictions. He moved in no narrow sphere, and his intelligence in all directions was ample and accurate. His mastery of facts in any direction where his interest carried him, was conspicuous. His position on the subject of temperance is well known to readers of *The Evangelist*. His interest in music, in literature, and in politics, and in all that the Church and the world together regards as progress, was manifest. He was eminently a social man, and was everywhere welcome. His friends were confined to

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no denomination. Evanston is mainly a Methodist town, being the seat of their University, but he was a welcome friend with them. Being but twelve miles from Chicago, he was weekly in the city, and took interest in all that concerned the well-being of the Church there. He had traveled somewhat widely in this country, and once visited Mexico, whence he wrote letters of value which many must remember. His interest in missions, especially home missions, was decided and unflagging.

As a preacher he excelled in felicitous statement of common truths, and in bringing recondite truths into familiar and practical aspects, and his audiences were always large and interested. He was a graduate of Illinois College, and of Union Theological Seminary.

Dr. Noyes was a man of no isms. He hated shams, and whatever savored of hypocrisy. He was possessed of a decided moral earnestness, though he made no show of it; nor was his exhibition of it one of emotional emphasis and clatter, which often passes for earnestness.

Thus pass away the correspondents of *The Evangelist*—Gillett, Smythe, Page, Moore, Noyes. The old stock of them grows fewer. But the future is full of men.

Dr. Noyes married the daughter of Hon. David A. Smith, of Jacksonville, Ill. She is the mother of six sons and one daughter, all living, the youngest fifteen years of age.

AMBROSE.

FROM PROF. E. D. MORRIS.

The telegraph has flashed across the continent the tidings of the decease of Dr. Noyes, the accomplished and admirable "Clement" of *The Evangelist*, which occurred at his home, in Evanston, after a brief week of illness from pneumonia, on last Monday. To thousands of hearts the story will carry grief, real and profound. To his bereaved family and church, the event brings a sorrow far deeper than all speech. Dr. Noyes was in his fifty-sixth year, and in the prime of his powers and usefulness—a man of large ability to help and bless others, and of broad and genial sympathies; widely conversant with affairs in both Church and State, and ever ready to throw his influence into the scale on the side of right, of truth, of liberty. He will be greatly missed by his ministerial associates in Chicago and the Northwest, and by none more than by the honored father of the Church, Rev. Dr. Patterson, his neighbor and intimate friend, upon whom, as *The Tribune* reports, the painful responsibility of the funeral services

are to be devolved. From the happy circle of *collaborateurs* in *The Evangelist*, Dr. Noyes will be no less missed; for his graceful and vigorous pen was always wielded in these columns in a manner as attractive as it was commanding. Proper tributes will doubtless be paid him in many formal ways and in many places. Let me hasten now, even while my eyes are full of tears, to express the personal grief with which I have just read the story of his death. It is but two short months since I spent a vivid and happy hour with him, full of friendly talk on many themes, in his own pleasant home at Evanston. How laughingly we parted! And how little either dreamed that he was grasping the hand of a brother for the last time—*on earth!*

E. D. MORRIS.

LANE SEMINARY, Jan. 16.

FROM REV. DR. JAMES MCLEOD.

Dear Mr. Editor: Your brief reference to Dr. Noyes has touched my heart. I have known him for eighteen years, and I never knew a nobler, truer, manlier man. In one notable case I stoutly opposed him, but he defended his cause with great ability, and this, coupled with his uniform Christian courtesy, won for him the respect of his brethren who differed with him. He was as true to his convictions as a needle to the pole, and he hated duplicity.

He was a man of peace, but when the occasion demanded it he could fight, and he could strike hard, but he took care never to deal a foul blow. He would neither play false, nor falsely win. His was a generous and magnanimous spirit. More than once I have heard him speak in the highest terms of his chief opponent in the controversy to which I have referred. He differed with him, but he differed with him like a Christian gentleman, and I am sure Prof. Patton respected him both for his integrity and his ability.

There never was a more devoted husband and father; and the church of which he was long the faithful pastor, has good reason to mourn his loss. As pastor, counselor, and friend, he was beloved by his flock, and that love was cordially reciprocated. But he is gone. He has fallen asleep. He loved the Savior, and thank God for the good hope that he is now with the Savior whom he loved. Absent from the body, he is at home with the Lord; yes, at home, and that forever.

"Forever with the Lord ;
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality."

The New York Evangelist will seem lonely to me without a letter now and then from "Clement," but we will meet again.

"Eternal power shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside ;
And I shall know him when we meet."

Ever yours,

JAMES McLEOD.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 16, 1889.

FROM REV. JAMES H. TAYLOR, D. D.

I have just picked up and laid down the last *Evangelist*. Dr. Noyes gone! Are those black lines indeed for him? Strange, strange it seems to so think! I glance at other paragraphs, but my eyes wander back to those lines. They are indeed around the name of my co-worker. As I look, they seem to be around my heart, and drawing tighter. I have lost a friend. I am in the same front line of battle. He has fallen at my side. And yet I can hardly stop long enough to look fairly into his paled face. The battle goes right on. Here are the pastoral calls commanding me this afternoon, and the sermons for the Sabbath. He was as busy as the busiest, yet he is at rest. His work is done. We all thought it done once in the Seminary, as he was suddenly prostrated with pulmonary hemorrhage; but he revived, and has labored uninterruptedly for thirty years now. His last seed is planted. Will he look back to see it sprout and fruit? He sowed no tares of mere speculation.

He and I studied side by side in Union Theological Seminary, New York; then worked together in Chicago Presbytery eight years. Even in temper, sound in judgment, cheerful in spirit, faithful to trust, patient in tribulation, steady in his faith, he was a friend and a pastor, to be found right where you would have expected to find him. He lived no tangential life. Christ was his center of attraction, and he was content to revolve about Him. He sent up no skyrockets to provoke a popular stare. But if not brilliant, neither was he tame or foolish. Refined to a rare degree in literary taste, he was also thoughtful, wise, and strong.

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The intimacy of our acquaintance prompts me to write more of

dear brother Noyes. But I refrain, anticipating that Dr. R. W. Patterson, his loving friend, long-time co-Presbyter, and late parishioner, will cover the whole ground. I will hasten to my work lest my time be short.

JAMES H. TAYLOR.

ROME, NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1889.

FROM PRESIDENT E. L. HURD.

Can it be that our beloved brother "Clement" is gone? The telegram stirred most tender chords at the same time of affection and sorrow, as it told me that George C. Noyes is gone.

Thirty-two years ago a class were about leaving Union Theological Seminary. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, led us in prayer. We went through the appointed closing exercises, and bade good-bye to revered professors, including the now sainted Drs. Ed. Robinson, T. H. Skinner, Henry B. Smith, and Roswell D. Hitchcock. In the class were Jackson G. Coffing, soon afterward murdered on his mission field; Dr. J. B. Bonar, now of Marquette, Mich.; Dr. C. S. Armstrong, now of Jackson, Mich.; Dr. Alexander McLean, now Secretary of the American Bible Society; Hermon C. Riggs, and others, among whom was the writer. In leaving the Seminary to go to our respective home and foreign fields, we parted with one fellow-student, whom we left in the middle class, with special warmth of affection. He had a great heart, was as tender as a child, yet with as strong a spirit as a giant, with a well-poised intellect, and one which even then marked him for a leading mind.

When he graduated from College, a leading man who heard his oration, said "There is a young man who will be a leading pastor in some strong, conservative church." Even during our short Seminary course we could see marks of the fulfilment of this, while the main impression made upon us doubtless was that of his most lovable and companionable qualities.

Keeping these constantly through his life, how his whole career has justified the prediction! In his pastoral charge at Laporte, Ind., and then in his pastorate of nearly a quarter of a century of the large church at Evanston, Ill., from which his death now takes him, he has shown himself an able, successful, and leading pastor. In the strength and clearness of intellect, and yet with the greatest tenderness, poise, and magnanimity, he has met the great questions which have arisen in the Church at large, while he has taken hold with such strong hands of the great work of home missions in the

large territory of Illinois, without diminishing aught from his indefatigable work as pastor, and this often amid great sorrow, as to show that he was truly "Great Heart"; and we can but say a beloved brother and a leader has fallen in Israel. God grant that his mantle has fallen upon another like him.

E. L. HURD.

BLACKBURN UNIVERSITY, Jan. 19, 1889.

V.—THE ADVANCE, CHICAGO, JANUARY 24TH.

Dr. George C. Noyes, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Evanston, Chicago, for the past twenty years, and who, amid universal love and sorrow, was borne to his burial Thursday of last week, was a man who will be missed. In many aspects of his nature and character a grand man, and with remarkable capacity for friendships, he had endeared himself exceedingly to a great number of persons. Of stalwart frame, open countenance, kindly and manly bearing, into whatever company he came he brought good cheer, and when he left made one feel that his very presence there had been a power and a blessing.

The church, which, at his coming, had thirty-six members, now has nearly five hundred, and is sorely bereaved. In the pulpit, the prayer-meeting, the home, in social gatherings or in high circles of art and literary culture, among ministers or laymen, at home or abroad, he was always as one at home and in his element.

A farmer's son, born in New Hampshire, he came, while still a boy, with his parents to Illinois. The same traits which distinguished him as a man began to shine in his boyhood. He was educated in Illinois College and in Union Theological Seminary; but his real education went on continuously to the last. He never outgrew his great hunger for knowledge; it rather grew upon him. And yet the depth and accuracy of his scholarship, and the range of his information were always greater than he at any time made manifest. His modesty was only equaled by his manliness.

A person more completely free from the power of mere prejudice one rarely sees. While he knew well his own mind and the reasons for his own definite convictions, he was in spirit and manner as courteous towards those who might happen to be at variance, as toward those in agreement, with his views. Nor was this due to any spirit of indifference; for he was apt to hold his opinions with an intensive sense of their importance. Utterly loyal to his own church and the faith and polity and best spirit of his own denomination, he was at the same time, and none the less, full of the

heartiest sense of interest in all other Christians of whatever name. There were no artificial limits to the scope of his Christian sympathies. His indignation at meanness or wrong and fraud was as vigorous and wholesome as was the exuberance of his appreciation and rejoicing in things that are good. Whether he was most a "radical" or a "conservative" no one could tell, for he was, in the best sense of these much abused terms, both. No one would have rejoiced more heartily than he in the re-union of the Presbyterian Church, North and South; but if such union were to be secured by any implied endorsement of another schism in the house of God on the line of race or color, he would have sooner plucked out his right eye than give it his personal sanction.

His brethren in the Chicago Presbytery say that no other member could be so missed as he. And it is certain that among our Congregational ministers, all who had the good fortune to know him, feel that it is a brother who has passed away. The article which we print this week on another page of *The Advance* indicates well the spirit of the man.

Such men as Dr. Noyes help this world of ours not less by what they are than by what they do. The happy consequences, near and remote, still go on; and so does the sweet helpfulness that springs from the memory of what they were, continue. God's "inheritance in the saints" grows from year to year; and so, in fact, does ours. The great apostle charges his "own son," Titus, to be a "lover of good men." Dr. Noyes was that; and he has wonderfully helped others to be the same.

A sweeter spirit ne'er drew breath;
Strange grew the chill upon the air,
But as he murmured, "This is death;"
Lo! life itself did meet him there.

Extracts from Private Letters,

WHICH SUGGEST ESTIMATES OF CHARACTER; GIVEN IN THE
ORDER OF THEIR RECEPTION.

Mrs. Z. M. Humphrey, Lake Forest, Ill.

"Nothing since the death of my husband has touched me just as this touches me. Your father and he were more than contemporaries—they were brothers—*friends*, in the highest, truest sense. When many were endeavoring to say, for the church at large, in what high regard my husband was held, it was your father who

‘touched the quick’ and *satisfied* me. It was to your father that I turned for the encouraging, as well as the comforting, word, when I came back to Chicago, Naomi-like, saying, ‘Call me Marah.’ Again and again I have gone to him for advice—for the lift of a strong, friendly hand over some hard spot,—and never have I been turned away with the feeling that he was annoyed by my frequent coming.”

Rev. E. F. Williams, Pastor of South Congregational Church, Chicago.

“To meet him was always a joy, to counsel with him a privilege, to be intimate with him a blessing. In no one in Chicago did I have more confidence, and for no man did I entertain more respect. He was an ideal man, as nearly faultless in his character as any man whom I have ever known. For us he has gone all too soon, but not a moment too soon for himself.”

Mrs. E. W. Blatchford, Chicago.

“Just as our friends were gathering,—*his* friends, most of them, too,—the news of his departure came to my husband, who took me aside to share in his deep feeling, and to help him recover his composure for the duties before us. How solemn was the thought that one of our bidden guests had been summoned to the *Home above!* You were very kind to give us that message from his lips,—and how like himself, how thoughtful of others, in the midst of his weariness and exhaustion, to *think* of it even.”

Mrs. Henry W. King, Chicago.

“Your dear father was beloved by every member of this household, and, particularly of late, he had been a wise and sweet comforter. . . . We looked eagerly for his visits, and shall miss him more than you can believe. How mysterious are God’s providences, and how hard it is to see that it was best to take such a valuable life out of a world that needs the ministrations of such goodness and such a lofty example!”

Rev. J. E. Chapin, Neenah, Wis.

“Your father was an important influence in nearly the whole of my ministerial life. He was ever the sympathetic friend, the animated companion, the wise counselor, the able champion. The pleasant home of the early times in Indiana was a delightful resort.

The companionship of later years was a strength and a joy. How often has he, in his kindly suggestions, let a flood of light upon my way! What cheer and helpfulness his presence always brought into our household! . . . You children have, indeed, a great loss, a far greater one than any friend. But you have, too, a precious inheritance in your father's character, eminent usefulness, wise counsel, noble example. He was a marvel to me in the bearing of affliction."

Mr. Julius Barnes, LaPorte, Ind.

. . . "One of the best friends I ever had has just entered into the joy of his Lord; and as with me, so with hundreds of people, his friendship was cherished with great pleasure; his life was a benediction and a joy forever to a great multitude. We cannot wish him back, nor can we see just *why* he should be taken, who was so helpful, so sympathizing, so devoted and loyal to his Master. . . . I fancy he has *merited* the *welcome*, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord,' and with what *zest* will he enter into this joy, who was so ready to rejoice with them who rejoice, and to weep with them that weep here."

Rev. J. M. Linn, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Geneseo, Ill.

"His name and influence will fill a great place in the history of the Church, in this State especially. He was never weary of, or in, well doing. His mind took in the measure of every great practical question, and his ear was alert to every call of duty. He was as aggressive as he was prudent. He was a leader who always had a following. His great genial heart always controlled the humor and wit of his tongue; and in the midst of the excitement of great assemblies, his words always called up those calm moments of deliberation when the passions of men subside to the level of serious thought."

Rev. E. D. Morris, D. D., Lane Seminary.

"Dr. Noyes commanded the respect and confidence of men by reason of his own manifest *manliness*: a manliness evidently framed after the one perfect Model, and suffused very largely with the gracious as well as the positive and faithful temper of his Master. He will be long remembered, not only for what he was as a Christian, but also for his many labors and his fresh and vigorous discussions of living questions. The Church he loved and served so well, will not soon forget him."

Mrs. Sallie Andrew Shafer, Frederick, Md.

"I can remember nothing further back than his kind face and voice, and it has always been a pleasure for me to know that I was one of the first group of little children who were brought to him to be made children of the Master he served. Although it has been a long time since I heard him preach, some of the good seed he sowed is still precious to me; especially, as of late I have been watching by the death-bed of a dear friend, one sermon of his has come to me over and over: 'I would not have you ignorant concerning them which sleep'. . . . The Church Militant has lost a noble general, and the Church Triumphant has another saint."

Mrs. K. S. Mann, St. Paul, Minn.

"I esteemed your dear father as a personal friend, and in the hours of mourning, his sympathizing words consoled our aching hearts. So we mourn with you and your family in your great loss. We should rejoice in that, thus soon, he has gained the crown of rejoicing, which, for him, is so richly gemmed with the souls he has won to Christ."

Mrs. J. H. Trowbridge, Chicago.

"I have a great longing to speak some word of comfort to you to-night, and I do not know how I can do it more effectually than by sending you a letter which I cherish among my choicest treasures (see page 66). . . . My heart gave assent to all the true and tender words which were spoken of him to-day (at his funeral), but I felt that the half was not told,—nor could it be put into words, nor will it be known, until '*the day shall declare it!*' . . . Those beautiful visions of which he spoke were the prophecy of the glory of heaven. That look of wonder and rapture, which came into his dying eyes, was the vision of things unseen and eternal. Shall we not thank God for every remembrance of him?"

J. A. Wyeth, M. D., New York City.

"Too good a man to let go, and a big honor to have such a father. Broad-brained and generous-hearted—a *Christian and not narrow!* That's saying a great deal, and Dr. Noyes was one of the very few I could say that much for."

Rev. H. Kendall, D. D., Board of Home Missions, New York City.

"He was a stalwart man, and never sick before that I know of,

and not one that I should expect to see sicken and die, only that we all of us are liable to drop off any day. Have known the Doctor many years, and seen good work that he has done. I have come to know him and love him all the better from working with him in the matter of Home Missions in the Presbytery of Chicago, and in the whole Synod of Illinois. I had a facetious letter from him with regard to my picture in the January number of *The Church at Home and Abroad*. It was written the 7th inst. (January, 1889), and, as he said, when he was bolstered up in bed, and saying that he had a severe and painful attack of pneumonia, but the disease was then broken, and he expected to be out and at work again in ten days. Yesterday completed the ten days, and it was the day of his funeral. . . . That letter was probably the last one he ever wrote. . . . I had a feeling when I read the letter that he was not in a condition to write."

Rev. H. D. Jenkins, D. D., Freeport, Ill.

"Dr. Noyes and I were fellow guests during the Centennial Assembly in Philadelphia, and our intercourse there only deepened the affection and reverence in which I held him. He was my ideal of a minister in this, that he was at once sound in the faith and liberal in the spirit of his ministry. The beauty of his conversation was that he found so much to praise and so little to condemn in his brethren. His gifts were those that I most admire in the pulpit, accurate information, clear statement, evident sincerity and tender sympathy. His loss to the Presbytery must be almost as great as to the church at Evanston, for few gave so much of their time to the discharge of those duties which, neglected, involve in loss the common interests of the Church. I do not know where the Presbytery or Synod will turn to find one equally faithful and efficient in these important trusts."

Rev. W. A. Bartlett, Pasadena, Cal.

. . . "The exceedingly pleasant recollections I have of him in his thorough and hearty friendliness and loving sympathy. In her weak condition, the news of your father's death was a special blow to Mrs. Bartlett, who has for years regarded Dr. Noyes as one of her warmest, truest friends. She . . . learned to love and revere him both from what he was to her as a friend, and from the help she derived from his teachings. . . . We remember, with peculiar pleasure, his hearty good will on that occasion (of their wedding). He was the most merry and boyish one after the

ceremony, with all his grace and dignity. He came to the train in Evanston to see us off, and insisted on throwing rice after us, and filling our bags with it. We often laugh about it, now. When Mrs. Bartlett was taken ill, he wrote one of the most tender and hopeful letters I have ever read—a letter that is treasured, I assure you. . . . In talking about your father yesterday, we spoke of the beauty of such a life,—so full of fragrance. It hardly seems as if he could have left a sweeter memory, had he lived longer. In God's sight his work was done, his sheaf full of ripe grain. The remembrance of what he was and did not only in that remarkable pastorate in Evanston, but everywhere he was known, cannot help bearing fruit for good that cannot be estimated."

Rev. D. S. Johnson, D. D., Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill.

"I feel more keenly, as the days go on, the loss of one of the best of friends,—a brother to me for twenty years. . . . I count it among the choicest treasures of my life to have known him, and enjoyed his friendship so long."

Miss Harriet A. Farrand, of The Advance, Chicago.

"I had known your brother for many years, and for many years was proud and happy to be numbered among his friends. His calls at *The Advance* office were like sunshine to us all. They made the day brighter and life cheerier every time. . . . What a man he was! So true, so noble, so brave, so strong, and yet so tender and considerate! He was my ideal man. There was no other like him. His unchanging friendship has been a blessing to me all these years."

Rev. W. W. Adams, D. D., Fall River, Mass.

"We roomed together in the Seminary for two years, and I well remember the attack of hemorrhage which we both feared might be 'the beginning of the end,' with him, near the close of his Senior year. His physician forbade his speaking, and he communicated with me by writing. . . . In six months he was almost entirely well. . . . Your father was spared to see his children all well started in life, with Christian character and good prospects. He had seen many results of his life-work, and knew that he had not labored in vain. He rests—blessedly, and his works do follow him."

Geo. L. Andrew, M. D., Laporte, Ind.

"The twenty years which have elapsed since your father's removal from Laporte, have in no way lessened the high estimation in which he was held during the ten years of his pastorate here. We have watched his rise with a family pride, rejoiced in all his successes, and mourned over his afflictions,—and now, that we can see his dear, kindly face no more, feel that much of the light has gone out of our lives. . . . He had almost decided, before coming here, to devote himself to teaching as a profession. Various considerations had pointed toward such a conclusion,—a sense of the awful responsibility of the pastoral relation, a deprecatory view of his own abilities, and the fear that his lungs could not stand the demands which must be made upon them."

Mr. E. S. Wells, Lake Forest, Ill.

"I learned long ago to love and honor your brother, and to have great confidence in his wisdom and judgment. Upon any questions in which we may have differed, there was none whose conflicting opinion caused me to halt and consider more than his. No man, who knew his ripe, mature, honest Christian judgment, could afford to differ from him without many sober, second thoughts."

Mrs. C. L. Rawson, Mandarin, Fla.

"He was to me and mine the dearest, most valued friend we had on earth. . . . There are few left like him, so true to all, so faithful in the discharge of every duty, so unostentatious, so humane. To know him was to trust and love him. His great heart . . . bore the burdens of many."

Mrs. J. B. Lamkin.

"I would that I could tell you the help, the comfort, the strength, he was to me during the long years of invalidism. *He knew* and understood my inner life. . . . He had a wonderful nature, a wonderful power to enter into the heart and guide and help by wise and tender words. . . . In his dear letter of Christmas day, he . . . spoke fully of his life, his home, his 'ever beloved wife,' his grand children, his church, and of all so fondly and tenderly."

Mrs. Annie Van Hoff, Springfield, Ill.

"Although so many years have passed since I have seen Dr.

Noyes, you know with what loving and respectful admiration I have always remembered him. I have never forgotten the happy years spent under his ministry, nor the kindly interest he showed in me personally, though I was merely a school girl. . . . Any article from his pen has always possessed a peculiar interest for me, and I have felt a sort of personal pride in the many tributes of praise paid to his character."

Mrs. Lydia R. Clark, Northfield, Minn.

"Having been for six precious years under the pastoral care of your dear lamented father, my husband, daughter and self endorse all the tender and beautiful thoughts sorrowing hearts have breathed about his bier. . . . I still, after nearly four years' absence, miss the consolation of his Sabbath morning prayers, and the stimulus of his brave, unfaltering courage. . . . Your father was . . . a veritable Great Heart, ever imparting to his fellow pilgrims, of the feeble-mind and ready-to-halt character, of his own cheerful sympathy, faith and confidence."

Mrs. A. L. Osborn, Laporte, Ind.

"In a letter from your father, written Dec. 25th, he says, 'Last Sunday morning, in church, I baptized my second grandson, giving him the name, George Noyes. He is a splendid little fellow. I hope he will grow up to be a better and an abler minister than his grandpa has been.' In the same letter he tells me of his constant joy in the love and dutifulness of his children. What comforting words for his beloved family! These, being among his last words, must be an incentive to be like him. . . . I cannot find words to tell you how much both my husband and myself loved your dear father. . . . We shall never forget his words of cheer and sympathy, and how bright and good he looked. . . . How you all must miss him, his home life, of such warm and loving affection, and so much enjoyment!"

From a Friend.

"Nothing since the loss of my precious child has affected me as has the death of your father. . . . My coming back to life dated from the day that I sat broken and crushed by the grave of my dead hopes, when your father came to me, and with words of courage, consolation and admonition, awakened in me a new life, and I reconsecrated myself to the work of the blessed Master."

Extracts from Dr. Noyes' Private Letters.

The first, addressed to a bereaved parishioner, and the second, addressed to the widow of Rev. Dr. J. H. Trowbridge, evince his notable wisdom, sympathy and sincerity as a "son of consolation." The others were written to his daughter, and illustrate some of his qualities as a father.

"MY DEAR MRS. ANGLE:

I thank you for your sorrowful letter. . . . It must have done you good to write it. It certainly has done me good to read it; for I have not only read it at my leisure, but I at once found leisure to read it. . . .

I would not have you concerned to spend the communion Sabbaths without tears. Let the tears flow! Are they not blessed tears? Do they not witness to a peace greater than your sorrow, great as I know that to be? And do they not purge the vision, thus making the disclosure of spiritual glories more clear? Let me quote for you Mrs. Browning's lines:

'Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs, look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun!'

'I know it is selfish to dwell on my loss,' you say. Not necessarily so, by any means. Dwelling on your loss may be—I am inclined to think it is sometimes, at least in your case—one of your most unselfish and hallowed exercises.

There may, of course, be bitter repining and complaining, and if so, that is selfish and very sinful. But to dwell upon your loss, keenly and very painfully to feel it, and yet, at the same time, to know the love and peace of God, and to know them all the more because of the very agony of sorrow through which you have come into their enjoyment—this is the farthest possible from being selfish. I do think I know what that experience is.

Do not *borrow* trouble. Do not doubt that the anniversary days, which are so near, . . . will be more full of peace than they will be of comfortless sorrow.

I thank you sincerely for your assurance of sympathy. I do, indeed, walk in a very sorrowful way. Not a day, nor a waking hour, passes that I do not feel the pang. It is all a mystery to me

why one so good and gentle and faithful, should be left in such dreadful darkness. But when, as often happens, I faint and fall under my great burden, and my heart breaks, then, blessed evermore be His name, '*He healeth the broken-hearted.*' He will ever do so for you. Trust Him, and do not fear. As one who knows what sorrow is, I remember you always in your sorrow, and I am ever sincerely,

Your friend and pastor,

GEORGE C. NOYES.

SABBATH NIGHT, April 1, 1883."

"EVANSTON, ILL., January 11, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. TROWBRIDGE:

It is all over! I am here in my study, feeling deeply that the world is colder since *that heart* was stilled, which ever beat true and warm for all his friends, of whom I know that I was one. I cannot make him dead! He is not dead! He is alive forevermore.

'Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.'

I have kept up all day [the day of the funeral], only by the hardest efforts at repression, and when I got home this evening there came the blessed relief of tears to eyes unused to weeping, 'Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness!' No, not into darkness, since for him the darkness is now forever past.

The loss, which to me is great, since it removes from me one of my dearest friends, is to you, as I can well understand, almost insupportable. But calmer days will come. A brighter pathway will open before you. A blessed necessity will be upon you of caring and living for your children, in doing which you will have an added joy in remembering often that they were and are also *his* children. The double duty of keeping the little flock *for him*, and of presenting them 'faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,' will bring you, oftentimes, a double measure of peace.

You will, I am sure, not allow yourself to *brood* over your sorrow. In cheering the hearts and brightening the days of your children, watching that their young lives be not blighted, but rather purified, by their sorrow—and in doing good to others as

opportunity and your own strength may permit—you will be daily comforted, and because comforted, therefore a comforter. This is the Divine law. May the dear Lord enable you to say, with Mrs. Browning :

‘For us whatever’s undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood :
Only the Good discerns the good,
I trust Thee, while my days go on.

Whatever’s lost, it first was won !
We will not struggle, nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That heaven’s new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee, while my days go on.’

And may He also enable you constantly to realize the presence and tender sympathy of Him who is ‘touched with the feeling of all our infirmities !’ of whose wonderful ministry to the sorrowing that singularly gifted poet and artist, William Blake, thus wrote :

‘Oh ! He gives to us His joy
That our grief He may destroy ;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.’

As I could not follow the habit of my life by calling and sitting for awhile with the bereaved in the evening following the dark day on which they bury their dead, I send you these poor words of sympathy.”

“EVANSTON, ILL., February 28, 1882.

. Care and you are strangers, or, at any rate, just now alienated from each other, and I will not attempt to make you acquainted or reconciled with each other. . . . You have been now, lacking a few hours, two weeks a bride, and while it would be vain to expect, and therefore unwise to wish, that your whole life may be as full of continuous joy, on whose strong tide you shall be borne along to the end, as you have been borne on it these two weeks, yet it is reasonable to hope that you will accept all life’s joys in such a spirit as that they shall not intoxicate, and thus be a snare to you, and all life’s sorrows in such a religious trust that they shall become to you fountains of deeper joy. If you do not become a much better woman than your father is a man, caring less for self and more for others, considerate of their

welfare, promoting by what you do and what you do not do their ease and quietude of mind, cultivating simple tastes, avoiding fashionable follies, 'loving thyself last'—I shall have reason to feel that my manifold shortcomings, in counsel and example, have wrought more to the formation of your character than my sincere purposes and constant efforts to be faithful as a father and true as a man. I have an unspeakable longing that all my children should, above all things else, seek the enduring riches of right character. . . . I have been slower to write than I meant to be, but I am overwhelmed with work—writing sixty hours a week, besides other work."

"NEW TACOMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,
October 2, 1883.

Here I am safe and sound at the Ultima Thule. . . . Twenty-five hundred miles from home! I never wandered half so far away before. But still the heart, untravelled, abides at home, and with those—my ever beloved, though long suffering wife, my children, very dear to me, and my friends—whom I love. But for serving them, and serving my day and generation, I should not be here, for I love travel, not for its own sake, but for the rich stores of information, the treasures of memory, which I thereby gather."

"September 19, 1884.

My greatest earthly joy is the love of my children, and I wish to live for them, for their own sake, for their ever dear mother's sake . . . and for the dear Lord's sake. No earthly good is so earnestly desired by me as *their best welfare*."

"EVANSTON, ILL., April 1, 1886.

We reached home [from a trip to Mexico], safe and well. . . . My welcome home from everybody whom I have seen, both old and young, has been extremely cordial and hearty, leaving me no room to doubt the confidence and love of my people."

"EVANSTON, ILL., May 12, 1887.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER:

Upon this, your birthday, I am moved to give you, as a birthday present—*words*, but words which have my heart in them.

May your life be one of far less sorrow than mine has been. And yet if I were to wish that your life might be one of as great

joy as mine has been—and no greater—I should invoke in your behalf a large measure of joy, for such measure has been mine. Chief among my joys are those which I have had and have in my children, and in you, my eldest born and only daughter. They have been good children, comforting me much in the sorrow I daily have. . . . My life has, indeed, been much clouded, but then all the glory of it has come of the clouds, irradiated, as these have always been, by Divine grace. . . . May your children give you as much comfort in their growing up, and in their maturity, as mine have given me. May they always be as good to you *as they are now dear to me*.

With a great deal of love to you and to your husband, and invoking upon you both and all, every rich blessing, both temporal and spiritual,

I am, your devoted father,

GEORGE C. NOYES."

A Twenty Years' Pastorate.

Sermon by Rev. Geo. C. Noyes, D. D., preached in the First Presbyterian Church, of Evanston, Ill., November 18, 1888.

"This twenty years have I been with thee."—*Genesis xxxi:38*.

These words which Jacob addressed to Laban, in reminding him of the length of time that he had served him, I may fitly use to-day with reference to this greatly beloved church. This Sabbath will complete the twentieth year that I have been with you. And even as the seven years that Jacob served for Rachel "seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her," so the twenty years of my service I have spent here, I may truly say, have seemed to me to pass very swiftly for the love I have had for the people for whom I have labored.

· Swifter than the flight of the most swiftly flying bird is the lapse of time. Its flight is set forth in the Scriptures under various comparisons. It is a vapor, a dream, a watch in the night, a flower that no sooner blooms than it withers, a tale that is told. Here it is as a weaver's shuttle, passing quickly to and fro; there it is a web, speedily and perhaps suddenly finished from want of thread. Time was represented by the ancients with wings, as not running, but flying. Jacob speaks of his days as still 'few,' when he was at the age of one hundred and thirty, so quickly have his years passed away. Much more quickly, then, might a period of time not one-sixth as long, seem to "glide swiftly by," like a cloud-shadow on the sea, like a wind-wave on the field of bending grain,

or like a meteor in the sky. So quickly have the twenty years of my life here passed by, that it seems but a little while since, one chilly, rainy Saturday afternoon, November 21, 1868, I arrived here a stranger to begin my work—all unknowing what these years had in store for me of joy and of sorrow. When I came, it was to a little church standing on this lot. The building was of wood, and capable of seating about 250 persons. It had no lecture-room or Sabbath-school room. The church, which had been organized four months before by Dr. Patterson and the Rev. James T. Matthews—the former little thinking then, I am sure, that it would afterwards become the welcome and happy home of himself and his family—numbering thirty-eight members.

Since the organization of the Congregational church in 1869, there have been seven other churches organized in the village. Twenty years ago there were five, and I believe only five, churches in the whole town, and not the village alone, of Evanston. Now there are twenty-one, of which eight are Methodist, so that this denomination still maintains, though not in such degree as formerly, its ascendancy.

In 1870 we enlarged our own church edifice, adding a hundred sittings to the main audience-room, and a pleasant lecture-room. This building, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire in the early Sabbath morning of May 2, 1875. The work of rebuilding on the same site began almost immediately, so that we were able to hold our first service in the lecture-room—a Christmas service—on Sabbath, December 26th, of the same year. Upon July 23, 1876—the nation's centennial year—this house was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. The cost of the edifice was about \$25,000, including all its appointments, but not including the lot. In the interval between the destruction of the old, and our entering the new, house of worship, the homeless flock—though generously offered hospitality by all our sister churches—yet found it best suited to their committee to meet in Lyon's Hall.

Those were days of trial, and days, too, of peril. At the time the necessity was laid upon us to build, the whole community was suffering—and our people not less than others—from severe and protracted financial depression. The prevailing tone in business circles was one of despondency. The devastating Chicago fire, by which some of our people were financially ruined, and all of them crippled, had occurred only three and a half years before, and none of them had recovered from that fearful blow. But harmony in counsel, unity in effort, brave hearts and self-sacrificing spirits,

with the rich blessing of God crowning all, brought us safely through. We were obliged, for a time, to carry the burden of a debt, which, however, was entirely cancelled in 1883.

The measure of our spiritual prosperity, though never so great as we might all well desire, has yet been gratifyingly large. The instances are very few comparatively, in all this period, when we have sat down to the Lord's table without having some new ones to join us, either by letter, or on confession of their faith in Christ. During these twenty years it has been my privilege to welcome to the communion of this church 618 persons by letter and 345 on confession, making a total of 963. If we had suffered no losses by death and by removal in all these years, our membership would now amount to 1,001. The average annual addition has been a little more than forty-eight, while the average yearly addition on confession has been seventeen and one-fourth.

The great joy has been mine to place the sacramental sign and seal of the covenant upon the brows of 145 children. And here let me say that there is no office which I perform as a minister which impresses and moves me so profoundly as the service of the baptism of children. The thought of the future of these little children—whether the now puny, undeveloped wills shall early become fixed and strong in the service of God or in the choice of evil—takes powerful hold upon me, and binds me to a life of intercession in their behalf which I can never forget nor neglect. However parents who bring their children thus to God, may afterwards fulfil or violate their sacred vows, for myself I must ever afterwards pray that these dear lambs may always be kept safe by the loving Shepherd, and never be permitted to wander off and perish. Of these children whom I have baptized, it is within my knowledge that seventeen of them have been taken by the good Shepherd to his own bosom, leaving each father and mother missing and mourning one of these lambs, to say in comfort and in hope,

“And the baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Sleeps sound till the bell brings me.”

Twenty-seven have come into the church, seventy-eight are still too young to come, leaving twenty-two, whose parents have moved elsewhere with them, unaccounted for. With deep and continuous interest and prayer, I follow them all, and trust the dear Lord, “who beareth the lambs in his bosom,” to suffer them never to perish nor to wander into the far country. Their names are often before me.

Not often, considering our numbers, have we been called to mourn. My register shows the names of 203 persons, at whose funerals I have been called to officiate or assist—a little more than ten annually. Of these many were not of this congregation. Fifty-six of them were more than sixty years of age; thirty-two were more than seventy years old; eleven were more than eighty, one of these eleven being eighty-nine, and another eighty-nine and a half. The united ages of these eleven octogenarians make 922 years. Forty-six were little children under six years of age, and most of them under two years.

“Only a baby’s grave !
Some foot or two at the most,
Of star-daisied sod, yet methinks that God,
Knows what that little grave cost.”

“Only a baby’s grave !
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stones, and thank God to own
We are nearer heaven for it!”

Death has thus come, with impartial visitation, to the very aged and to the very young, and to all ages between, admonishing us that no age is exempt from his imperious call, and that we should always be ready, “having our loins girded about . . . and we ourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.”

During these years seventy-five couples have stood before me to take upon themselves the sacred and inviolable vows of marriage. A group of 150 newly wedded people—if they could all be brought together as all alike newly wedded—ought to be surely a very happy company.

Passing now to speak of our contributions for benevolent objects, and for the support of our own church work, I am sorry that I have not the full record of what we have done. I can only present the figures from 1883—when we first adopted our plan of systematic giving—to 1887 inclusive. During this period of five years, our contributions to the boards and other benevolent objects aggregate \$23,113, or a yearly average of \$4,622; and for our church support an aggregate of \$41,538, including the payment of a debt of \$7,000. All our contributions for the last five years, not including the year now closing, amount to \$64,651, or a yearly average of \$12,930. Before the adoption of the plan of systematic giving, our annual contributions were not nearly so large as they have since been. Probably the aggregate of all our contributions for the fifteen years not included in the statement just made,

would amount to \$110,000, making, for the whole twenty years, a grand total of \$174,000, a yearly average of \$8,200. How much, outside of this sum, individual members of the congregation have given to all good causes and objects, only he knows who ever watches what is done, and all that is done, by every one in his or her ministrations to the persons and causes which are needy and worthy.

But after all, facts and figures, such as I have been giving, can but poorly tell the story of a church's life and work. The best of the story, as well as the largest part of it, must ever be that which is written upon human hearts, and which no eye can read but God's. What the services of this house have been, Sabbath by Sabbath, and year by year, to many sinning and weary hearts, to many troubled or darkened homes, and what the fellowship of believers has here been to all who have had part in the work and worship thereof, is known only to God.

There have been times of discouragement, of struggle, and of sad spiritual dearth, during this score of years. But we have never been permitted to fall out among ourselves. A delightful spirit of peace and harmony has so prevailed among us that it has never once been broken or interrupted. We began with thirty-eight members, and we have now somewhere from 450 to 500, and have, besides, a goodly, proper and prosperous child of our love in the South Evanston Presbyterian Church, organized with fifty members three years ago the 28th of last June, and numbering now nearly, or quite, three times as many. In our Sabbath-school, larger now than ever before, well officered and well equipped for doing more fruitful work than at any time in the past; in our Bethel School, which offers an enlarging field for missionary work, and where many of our young people are doing a faithful service that is worthy of all praise; in our Y. P. S. C. E., which is stronger and more active than ever before; in our Woman's Missionary Society and Young Ladies' Society and Children's Mission Band, all working by little and little to carry the blessed gospel to those who have it not; in our Ladies' Association, diligent as Dorcas in providing garments for poor missionaries and their families; and in the kitchen garden where, yesterday forenoon, in the lecture-room below were gathered, as they will be every Saturday, eighty-four poor girls, who are taught how to sew and make their own garments, while, in addition, twenty-four of this number are taught to do kitchen and housework—in all these organized, and in manifold private and unobserved, ways, we are

trying to do the work which belongs to us as a church of Jesus Christ. Though we should do a thousand-fold more than we are doing, we should still be in debt to Him to whom we owe all that is good in our hearts and lives and homes, and all that is bright and best in our hopes of the future.

Four things we need in order to attain our greatest efficiency in future service. These are: Patience, so that one worker shall never be fretted at nor fretted by another worker; Courage, so that difficulties, instead of daunting and discouraging us, we shall resolutely overcome; Faith, so that we may remove the mountains of unbelief which are in the way of our bringing men and women to the Savior; and the baptism of the Spirit, to be sought and received in copious effusion through earnest prayer and loving obedience.

In a review of this kind, many things press for utterance which I must necessarily pass by without mention. I have been able to present only the barest outline of the history of these twenty years, in church and community. And there are many counsels which I should be glad to speak of, but I must not tax your time to do so.

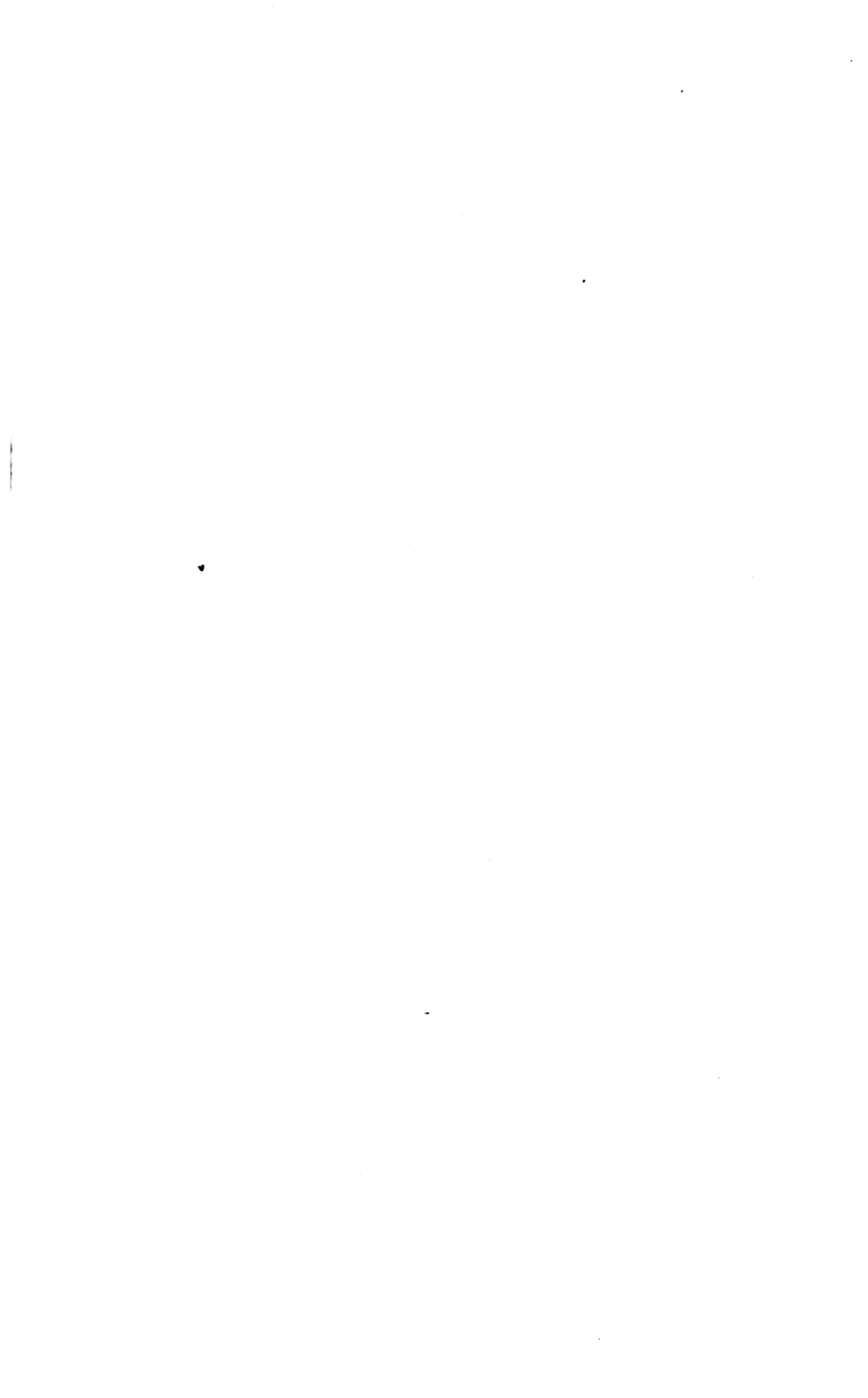
Of your unfailing kindness and love for me, I cannot, however, forbear to make grateful acknowledgment. You have more than fulfilled the injunction conveyed in the familiar couplet,

"Be to his faults a little blind;
Be to his virtues very kind."

Bearing continually a sorrow than which there is only one greater—that which comes in the form of dishonor and disgrace—your constant love, next to that of the Savior himself, has ever been as that of a most precious cordial. In bearing your sorrows I have learned to forget my own, and I have found how good it is, not only "to rejoice with them that do rejoice," but most of all "to weep with them that weep."

I have no greater joy than that of seeing you live blameless, consistent, beautiful, fruitful Christian lives, nor any greater sorrow than that of seeing any forsaking their first love. To have Christ ever with you and in you by his Holy Spirit; to walk up and down in his name; to work and to rest as in his sight; to have his light shining ever on the path by which you journey to the heavenly city; to have his grace working in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure; to have your labor lightened, your care relieved, your sorrows healed, your leisure sweetened by his love—this is life indeed, and the life which I earnestly covet for you all. I have ever aimed to preach unto you a broad gospel—as broad as

the love of God in Christ Jesus, which is to all men. And yet with not less earnestness have I endeavored to preach a narrow gospel—as narrow as the way which leadeth unto life. Would God that those who have long heard, and who have hitherto turned away unheeding, might to-day give heed—“the more earnest heed,” without which hearing continues unprofitable and hardening. Would it not be a loss unspeakable to this community, and also to interests which are world-wide in their extent, and profoundly important, if this church, with all its activities for good, were suddenly blotted out ! Imperfect as it is, still is it not doing a grand work in instructing the ignorant, comforting the sorrowful, relieving the needy, saving the lost ! Will you take no part actively in its work ? Do you not need, will you not to-day seek, the great salvation ?



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